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W. Pendrich

A

Metrical

HISTORY OF PORTSMOUTH;

WITH

DELINEATIONS,

TOPOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND DESCRIPTIVE,

OF THE

Port and Arsenal;

Being a Description in Verse of the most remarkable Epochs in its History, Ancient and Modern, Civil, Naval and Military—Its Public Edifices—The Garrison, Dock-Yard, &c.—The Towns of Portsea and Gosport, and the surrounding Country—with every object worthy of observation, for its History, Antiquity, or beauty of situation. Interspersed with many Original Anecdotes, Tales, Biographical Notes, and Characteristic Illustrations.

The Authorities from Dugdale, Bede, Whittaker, Leland, Pennant, Hume, Smollett, Mortimer, and others; aided by a long residence in the Town.

By HENRY SLIGHT,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and Surgeon to the Ladies' Benevolent Society, &c.

Thee, O my Country! all my soul reveres,
And admiration swells with ripening years.

PORTSMOUTH:

Printed by Hollingsworth & Price, White-Horse-Street:

SOLD BY S. MILLS, AND MOTTLEY AND HARRISON, PORTSMOUTH;
T. WHITEWOOD, PORTSEA; W. JOHNSON, GOSPORT;
AND BY
SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES, PATER-NOSTER-ROW,
LONDON.

1820.

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Dedication.

TO

MY FELLOW TOWNSMEN.

THUS spoke *Ūpnoticūs*, a Moth,
(I hope henceforth he'll spare the cloth),
" 'Tis not for mortal to command
" The knife and pen with self-same hand."
Lives there no sportsman, to whose lot
Hath fall'n two birds at single shot ?
Lives there no Surgeon who can twist
With master skill the game of whist,
Yet can the fever keep at bay,
Bid the heart torrent softer play ?
Is there not one can sweep the lyre
And master still the typhus fire ?
Is there not one who loves the chase,
Yet bids diseases dire give place ?
Such may be found—nor distant far—
The public voice will prompt you where.
Since that I passed the College dire,
And Hall, which few of us admire,
I've conned Diplomas, acts, bye-laws,
And find in them no sweeping clause,
By which poetic ardour reined,
Or Medicals from verse restrained,

822379

Then why must my incondite lay
Be forced apology to pay?
Because a critic soul might say,
"In graver studies pass the day!"
If I, howe'er, defence must bring,
Presuming thus to touch the string,
I offer this—Each man his vein;
All own the syren pleasure's reign.
Some love to wake the welkin round
With echoing horn's melodious sound,
In manly ardor join the chase,
Rouse fox or hare from hiding place;
Others to quaff the ruby bowl,
In rapturous joy and flow of soul;
While some to hoard the costly gold
And gaze on treasured heaps untold.
'Twas mine to bid, in season drear,
The Muse severer studies cheer,
And boldly dare in harmless verse
My native country's charms rehearse;
In distich, song, description clear,
Bid every varied scene appear.
The Ancient History I trace,
The glorious epochs of the place—
The Town—the Ramparts—lofty Fort—
The Dock—the Arsenal—the Port—
The solemn Church, the Castle strong,
Increase the burden of my song.
Should it be said—"Already we
Possess a Portsmouth History,"
I answer, "True—nor small the praise—
Its author wears the well-earned bays
For Antiquarian Lore—but still
He left a *niche* I hope to fill:

Untouched by him each modern charm,
The landscape bold, romantic, warm;
And men there are who better love
Than ruined hall the shady grove—
Than dusty rolls, the verdant plain—
Than charters old, the foaming main.
Ought I not now to seek some name,
Illustrious in thy annals, Fame!
Under whose fostering wing this sprite
Of sportive vein may brave the light—
Some Duke, some noble Earl, some Lord
(A lesser name won't aid afford),
Who boasts urbanity of mind,
To flattery's courtly tongue inclined,
Connexions spread o'er all the land,
That numerous copies may command?
Such, had I been to search inclined,
'Twere not so difficult to find.
But, like the Swiss, I hate to roam—
I've ever found best friends at home.
Long exiled from my native place,
Lost of connexion every trace,
Returning young, no patron beam
Gladdened my launch on life's rude stream;
Soon friendship's sun my voyage cheered,
Men by each social joy endeared—
Men of strict honour—in each mind
Zeal, candour, judgment, science joined.
Such being my lot, thus conscience said,
"Where shall thy grateful vows be paid?
"Where thou hast patrons found—'tis due,
"*Beloved Countrymen*, to you!"

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PORTA;

OR,

The Rise of Portsmouth:

A TALE,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

The Subject taken from the Saxon Chronicles, united with local Traditions and Antiquities.

If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our midnight revels—Come with us.
SHAKSPEARE.

Speak the big voice of War.
Beat all our drums, and sound our silver trumpets.
LEE.

Scene—The SOLENT SEA, and surrounding country.

Time—501st Year of the Christian Æra.

Among the many romantic tales invented by Godfrey of Monmouth and other ancient writers, respecting the Aborigines of Britain, that of ALBINA bears a distinguished place; and though as totally unsupported by fact as the relation of 'Albion, great Neptune's Son,' or Brute and his colony of Trojans; yet from its more frequent mention, have I chosen ALBINA as the GOOD GENIUS of my Hero, and given to 'airy nothing' the honor of bestowing a name upon our country.—Should there appear Chronological Errors in the Tale, I pray Criticism to lay the charge at the right door.

Porta;

OR, THE RISE OF PORTSMOUTH:

A TALE.

PROEM.

IF Ancient Record may the Muse engage:
From times remote our Legendary page.
When first the Saxon sought our fertile soil,
'Neath friendship's guise, its ancient wealth to spoil;
When, by the moon-beam pale, tradition tells,
Sported o'er hill and dale the fairy elves;
And oft, 'mid woody glens, on lonely night,
Beguiled the traveller with meteor light,
'Till superstition shed her horrors round,
And sunk him lifeless on the swampy ground.
The Ancient Saxon Chronicles supply
Themes for our yet but youthful minstrelsy.
Here the foundation of the tale was laid:
But roving Fancy, while around she strayed,
Essayed to gather with her utmost skill
Poetic beauties each dark blank to fill.
If she hath cull'd, in her assiduous care
To form a small bouquet, some flowrets fair;
If she hath haply twined with primrose mild
The opening rose-bud, and the hawthorn wild;
If any pleasure she may chance impart,
To chance ascribe it, rather than to art.
While, as a father's breast, with anguish torn,
Committing to the world his eldest born,

Prays a safe passage through this chequer'd life,
Each scene of treachery and guilty strife;
With the like hope and fear my bosom wrung,
Commit I to the world my infant song.

Canto the First.

"Withdrawn the sun's effulgent blaze,
"Evening zephyr sportive plays;
"Storm and tempest, soothed in sleep,
"Calm and tranquil flows the deep;
"Bright Luna quits her watery cave,
"With silver light adorns the wave;
"There's not a single cloud on high,
"To dim the splendour of the sky.
"Then haste ye, Spirits of the Seas!
"Haste, upon the evening breeze:
"Wake, loudly wake th'harmonious pow'r—
"This is ALBINA's natal hour."

Thus raise the Choir the tuneful song,
While echoing rocks the strain prolong.
Through mystic cave, of heavenly mould,
In cadency the numbers rolled,
Where great Albina's Fairy Throne
With Nature's choicest treasures shone.
She, lovely nymph! her line could trace
From Dioclesian's royal race;
Who Rome's Imperial sceptre sway'd;
Whom Asia's swarthy tribes obeyed;

But forced by cruelty, she came,
And gave our Isle her sacred name.
Long time upon the billows rude
Her fragile bark in safety rode,
While, wrap't in sleep, the Nereids bore
Her orphan form to Albion's shore.
Here rose in pomp her regal state;
Here elfin forms her orders wait.
Since to her ear the mystic art
Did Indian sage of old impart,
Each herb, each flower, the Fairy knew,
Which sparkles in the morning dew;
And well could frame the potent charm,
Might aid distress, or guilt alarm.
Her grot, on pillars high uprear'd,
Of strange fantastic form appeared;
Whose capitols in lustre shone,
With pearly boast of far Ceylon;
And emerald shaft, supported well
On clustered group of varied shell.
Above, the sparkling rocks between,
In festoon hung the laver green,
Or from the mytilus so blue
In wide extended foliage grew;
With deep-fringed wrack, from ocean's bed,
Mid branching coral, white and red,
Here the white Nautilus appeared,
And star-fish to the rocks adhered;
While mosses of the richest hue
Around the pebbled marble grew.
But how shall mortal verse relate
The glories of her fairy state!
On every side blue mists appear,
Light as the summer gossamer.

In distance sounds the breathing flute.
Hark! Nereids strike the trembling lute.
Approaching near, the Chorus swells,
The Tritons sound their twisted shells;
Still louder still the joyful sound,
As rocks and caves the shouts rebound.
Behold, the floating mists give way,
Like clouds before the God of Day.
A gorgeous splendour, dazzling, bright,
Pours through the grot celestial light:
Mermaids rich blazing torches bear,
Exhaling fragrance through the air.
Above the infant Zephyrs play,
And mid the silken banners stray.
On every side, in courtly train,
Each guardian of the azure main.

Albina on her throne was laid,
In robes of purest white arrayed.
Save where, across her full orb'd breast,
Was thrown a splendid sea green vest.
A coronet her forehead graced,
Amid the flowing ringlets placed.
Should I attempt her charms to paint,
At best, the likeness must be faint;
'Tis left for him whom love inspires,
Whose mind, enwrapt with eager fires,
The shape, the charms, the matchless face
Of his loved mistress well can trace.
Across her lovely arm and hand
Reposed the silver gifted wand,
Of power to bid the tempest sweep,
Or calm the surface of the deep.

Sudden the music ceased; but echo still
In distance fading, sounded shrill;
Till sinking o'er the ocean far,
It died upon the listening ear.
Attention on each visage shines,
When thus the Goddess——
" Hail! Spirits of these sacred isles,
" Beneath whose sway all nature smiles!
" On this your sovereign's natal day,
" Three centuries have passed away,
" Since hoar Oceanus to our hand
" Granted the charm-bespangled wand;
" And by my Ærial Sprite I learn,
" Quitting the moon-beam in return
" With mandate from his coral bower,
" This night must end our sovereign power.
" But till Aurora's golden ray,
" The land and seas our will obey.
" Yet here we'll hold our revels still
" Around the spot we love so well;
" In mystic dance, by moon-shine light,
" Invade the solitude of night,
" And wandering hind shall wildly stare,
" As sounds melodious strike his ear;
" Or view amazed, at early dawn,
" The ring our feet fantastic form.
" While the hot day in balmy sleep
" We'll pass in cave and grotto deep.
" But now towards mortal sore oppress'd
" Our potent aid must be address'd.
" By fate decreed, yon Isle and Bay
" Must pass beneath his kingly sway:
" But, ere he gain the fertile soil,
" Destined to suffer giant toil.

" Woolsner,[a] the dæmon dire and rude,
" Who holds on yonder rock abode,
" Hath roused his fiends from caverns dark,
" To whelm mid floods the golden bark:
" But let the rolling tempest rise,
" 'Twill much assist our enterprize.
" Tis but on one condition he
" Hath so long braved his destiny;
" Woe! dire impending woe betide,
" If past the rock a vessel glide;
" Instant, the mystic circle broke,
" We'll hurl him from the beetling rock;
" Across his bulk a sand-bank dash,
" Whose sides the foaming seas shall lash;
" While oft, amid the tempest's roar,
" Deep hollow groans shall reach the shore.
" Spitea now his summons hears,
" And from her dismal cave appears:
" Flodina bows to his command,
" Whose streams subservient wash the strand
" Of yon romantic island green,
" Which owns Vectina for its queen.
" Then hasten, hasten, Spirits good—
" Guide Porta mid the foaming flood;
" Hang o'er his vessel from afar,
" In likeness to a silver star!
" Already hear the tempest rise,
" And distant thunders shake the skies!"

'Tis said:—Again the chorus raise
Albina's name, Albina's praise;
While, wrapt in clouds of pearly hue,
The fairy train ascending flew.

Canto the Second.

The heavy clouds, with vengeance charged,
Slow from the horizon emerged.
A silence, solemn, deep, and dread,
Hung o'er the ocean's shuddering bed;
Save when, portentous, from afar
The sea-fowl's scream assailed the ear,
Hastening to seek the sheltering land,
Instinctive led by Nature's hand.
Each trembling wave, mid gloom of night,
In lustre shed phosphoric light,
As slowly on the island shore
It rolled with long and hollow roar.
Now onward comes the tempest rude,
Before it swells th' impetuous flood;
Boreas bids the north-wind sweep,
And lift the surface of the deep;
While Auster leads the lowering clouds,
And Nature's face in darkness shrouds.
Sudden the strong electric flash:
Bursts the tremendous thunder crash
In awful grandeur! Far around
Trembles the earth—the deep profound.
Amid the clouds the wild surf flies,
Wave above wave assail the skies;
The whitened surge, the billows dark,
Lash round great Porta's golden bark.[b]
Framed is the vessel's stately form
Of pines, which long had braved the storm
On Scandinavian mountains high,
Whose summits cleave the icy sky.
In stern and awful majesty.

Before, a bust of gold was placed,
Which the arm'd prow in splendour graced;
Along her sides in sculpture shine
The wars of Odin the divine:[c]
Here his proud banners shadows cast,
Here leads he nations from the East,[d]
From distant India's fertile land,
O'er mountain rude and barren sand;
Here Waymur stays the hero's course;
There Odin mounts his fiery horse.
Before his might the Giants fly,
At every blow what thousands die!
Herbanter owns his godlike sway,
Whose visage shines like orb of day.
Through all the North he spreads his fame;
Belupher trembles at his name;
Here stern Hellunda meets the eye,
Who dared oppose the Deity,
Who, armed with all-consuming flame,
Hurled on the Serpent endless shame.
On the next pannel, see arise
The hero's progress to the skies:
The ivory city of the blest,
Where virtue finds eternal rest:
While on th' enamelled stern appears,
Memorial of a lapse of years,
Great Scandinavia's Giant Wars.

Tremendous roll the thunders dire,
Blue lightnings wrap the skies in fire.
Far, far, amid the surges cast,
Appears the shivered, splintered mast.
Horrors assail on every side:
The vessel labours in the tide.

The clouds, in strong attraction, rend;
The boiling surges slow ascend,
In dreadful eddies circling fly
Like meteor pillar in the sky—
Onward it moves in giant state:
The proud bark shudders at her fate,
When threatening cloud, by thunders rent,
Gives to the deluge torrent vent.
The tall spout bursts; the billows' dash
Strike on the ship with hideous crash.
High on the deck great Porta stands,
With steady hand the helm commands;
And calmy views the Dœmons sweep
With blazing torches o'er the deep,
To guide where Woolsner's beetling rock
Mid the tornado tempest shook.
The seamen tremble with affright;
Porta unmoved beholds the sight,
And cries "Good cheer, my valiant friends,
"Some favouring God our path attends:
"Long have I seen yon meteor star
"Resplendent beam amid the war."

Scarce had he spoken, when the storm
Attains its roughest, direst form:
On liquid rocks the vessel stands,
Or sinking strikes the lowest sands;
While, by the mountain billows tost,
She flies impetuous towards the coast.
She strikes—she veers—she 'scapes the rock!
The adamantine charm is broke!
Behind the bark the rock descends:
Far to the South its form extends.

" She rights—she rights!"—the seamen cry :
Ætherial voices sweet reply—
" 'Tis o'er!—Now, Woolsner! feel, though late,
" The dreadful punishment of fate!
" While Porta's sons shall climb the steep
" Of glory—while their banners sweep,
" Through distant age, the sparkling wave
" Which foams around thy prison cave ;
" As floats their naval glory by,
" And this the watchful pilot's cry—
" ' *Woolsner avoid!*' ; while every night
" O'er thee shall float the signal light ;
" So long shall groan thy rugged side,
" Torn by the southern tempest tide!"

Hushed is the storm, like passing dream,
The thunder crash, the lightning's gleam.
Contending waves and winds subside :
Tranquil the Solent waters glide.
The fleecy clouds of night unfold :
The moon again, in burnish'd gold,
Resplendent shines. Through spreading bay
The golden vessel plows her way.
The anchor thrown, the wave divides—
Securely fixed the vessel rides.

Upon the deck great Porta throws
His wearied limbs, and seeks repose ;
Then, in the visions of his mind,
Albina, from her car inclined,
While from her lips of coral hue
Flow words as sweet as morning dew :
" When morn dispels night's shadows dark,
" Onward impel thy golden bark.

" Despair not! for the Gods command:
" Soon shalt thou gain the promised land,
" An island fair and fertile, where
" They bid thee found a city fair,
" Which in the splendid page of fame
" Shall eternize the founder's name:
" On it the guardian Gods shall pour
" Riches and honour's bounteous store.
" Stupendous battlements shall rise,
" And towering domes usurp the skies.
" Before her walls shall navies ride,
" At once her bulwark and her pride;
" And to her warlike flag unfurled
" In awe shall bow th' admiring world.
" Then fear not! but the Gods obey,
" And follow where they point the way!"
Tis said. Light clouds her form enclose,
And slow to dulcet music rose.
Great Porta starts from troubled sleep,
And listens. Save the rolling deep,
No sound salutes his eager ear,
No fairy images appear.
His throbbing heart, his panting breast,
Forbid the hero longer rest.
By turns he ponders, wrapt in care;
Or views his sleeping children fair.
" Sleep on, dear innocents," he cried,
" Your father's comfort, hope, and pride.
" May the great Gods your day-spring bless,
" Though future ills thy sire oppress:
" On me descend the impending woe,
" If, O my children, spared to you!"
Devoutly thus the hero prayed,
When memory thus in whispers said—

" Why fearest thou ? The Gods obey !
" And follow where they point the way."
The omen eased his throbbing breast:
With inward prayer the gods he blest.

Now all the fair horizon gleams
With the new morning's ruddy beams.
Young Lucifer, with heart elate,
Unbars the flaming eastern gate;
Her deepening ray Aurora throws—
The sky in scarlet splendour glows;
While from her rosy fingers fair
The pearly dew-drop fills the air.
Before her fast increasing light,
Like spectres fade the shades of night.
She, blushing in her state, proceeds,
And calls forth Phœbus' fiery steeds,
Who in the pride of day bring on
The gorgeous chariot of the sun.
Smooth as is lake in woody dell,
The ocean's bosom fears to swell.
Through the blue vapours floating round,
At intervals, is heard the sound
Of dipping paddle, sweet and slow,
By fisher in his rude canoe.
The finny tribe in circles play,
Exulting in the genial ray:
Their sportive gambols plainly seen,
High leaping from the ocean green.
The sweeping sea-gull marks her prey:
The porpoise foams his rolling way.
High in mid air his song of praise
The matin lark is heard to raise.

Great Porta gives the sign to weigh
The anchor's bulk, the sails display;
Which gentle breezes soon expand,
And bear the vessel tow'rds the land.
Through the thin floating veil is seen,
At intervals, the Island green.
Far tow'rds the south the mountains smile,
Which proudly crown the Milky Isle.
But as each cloud of silvery hue,
Updrawn like curtain, cleared the view,
Shone what might well the world defy,
With all its richest prospects vie.
Far, far around, the mountains rise
In towering grandeur to the skies.
Here fertile plains, luxuriant woods,
Shine on the margent of the floods;
While rivers clear, through landscape fair,
Their tribute to the ocean bear.
In wonder lost, the hero stood,
And steered the vessel o'er the flood;
Then bade to hoary Ocean rise
The sacred vow and sacrifice.
This done, they reached the golden sand,
And joyous leaped on verdant land.

Canto the Third.

Land of my Sires! Enchanting Isle!
Where Nature's richest beauties smile!
With heart-felt pride, in praise of thee
I'll strike the lyre in extacy.
Though many a hill and vale between
Divide me from the much loved scene,

Still memory delights to trace
Each varied scene, each native grace :
The silver ocean gently gleaming,
The moonlight on its surface beaming.

Land of my Childhood ! where is seen
The cheerful cot, 'mid bowers green ;
Where honey-suckles love to twine
Their tendrils with the gay woodbine ;
Where in luxuriant beauty grows
The cowslip fair, the mild primrose ;
Where o'er each verdant hill and dale,
Each tangled copse, each forest vale,
Spread flowery treasures sweetly blowing,
A carpet sweet and gay bestowing !

Land of my Hope ! where on the tide
The bulwarks of my country ride ;
Whence, prompt to join in thickest fight,
Her wooden boast, in giant might,
Impetuous o'er the ocean rush,
Her foes presumptuous to crush !
Long may thy golden age endure—
Thy wealth increasing and secure,
In bounteous streams for ever flowing,
Nor storm, nor adverse fortune knowing !

With infant Son in either hand,
Now Porta heads his valiant band,
In armour cased, embossed with gold,
And jewel studded at each fold.
His burnished helmet, richly dight,
Effulgent with reflected light.

From shoulder, by rich diamond bound,
His robe descending swept the ground.
Embroided scarf his breast-plate graced,
By maiden kind and lovely placed,
When in proud tournament he strove
His faith by feats of arms to prove.
In feudal time the certain mark
Of noble birth, his falcon dark
On left arm, girt with golden ring,
Expands in hope her dusky wing;
While o'er his thigh that sabre hung,
Which oft 'gainst hostile steel had rung.
Onward they bend their dubious way,
And reach the hills near set of day.
Oh! what a lovely sight was there!
On every side blue hills appear,
A spacious amphitheatre:
While in the vale, luxuriant spread
Forest and plain, and grove, and mead,
Alternate, through the varied space,
Far as the aching eye can trace;
And, sparkling in the setting ray,
Meand'ring rivers glide their way.

"Here," cried the noble chief, "'tis meet,
"'Till dawn of morning nature greet,
"We should repose in peace; and here
"Our tall pavilion will we rear."
Then towards the region of the east
From sacred cup libations cast,
Horn which, in northern forest drear,
Adorned in pride the tall rein-deer.
Now is its brim, of ample round,
With gold and jewels studded round;

While finely wrought on every part
Appears the sculptor's mimic art.
Scarce had the wonted vows been paid,
And on the turf his comrades laid,
When sudden noises strike the ear.
Hark! they increase! they draw more near:
Strange warriors appear.
The warlike shouts of Britain sound;[e]
Arm'd chariots hide the trembling ground;
And many a banner floats around
In gorgeous panoply.

Amazed the Saxon chieftain viewed the sight,
And roused his ardent comrades to the fight.
"To arms!" he cried, and waved his falchion high:
"To arms! to arms!" his eager friends reply.
Before his breast each threw his warlike shield,
And marked the Britons,[f] rushing o'er the field.
Onwards impetuous rolls the tide of war,
While whistling arrows dim the vesper air:
They shout—they join—full many a hero bled—
Heaped is the soil with mountains of the dead:
Britons, to guard from foes their native plain—
Saxons, to 'scape the dangers of the main.
On Porta's robe his elder offspring hung:
The younger round his knee affrighted clung.
To save his children, all his nerve he plies,
And 'neath each ponderous stroke a Briton dies,
Whose youthful leader, where aloft he stood
On scythed chariot, seemed some daring God.
His voice, his mein, each fainting heart inspire—
His waving sword resplendent beamed with fire,
While nodding plumes adorned his golden crest:
Of Tyrian purple was his flowing vest.

His full orbed shield above his head he reared,
And to the fight his valiant comrades cheered.
Thrice did the languid Saxon corps give way,
And thrice retrieved the honor of the day.
Now rank to rank the eager hosts advance—
Now wield the sword—now hurl the quivering lance.
The Briton's robe unbroached was thrown behind:
His golden tresses wantoned in the wind.
Onward he rushed in golden arms to shine,
And spread destruction through the Saxon line;
'Till, his strong car entangled with the slain,
The milk-white steeds no longer heed the rein.
From his high seat th' intrepid chief descends,
And joins on foot, and cheers his daring friends:
On Porta fixing stern his sparkling eye,
His bosom pants the warrior's strength to try.
Now breast to breast the bloody swords they wield,
And furious blows ring on each tempered shield.
Lo! Porta's shivering steel in atoms flies:
On his strong beechen lance the chief relies.
Away his shining blade the Briton throws.
Then high in air his dreadful club arose;
Through whistling air it takes its threat'ning round,
And falling strikes Miegla to the ground.
In death's last agony the infant lies,
Convulsed his frame, half closed his glassy eyes.
O'er his pale corse frantic the father strode,
And bathed his limbs in streams of British blood;
Cast one sad look upon his lifeless Son,
Exclaimed, "Thy race, fierce Briton now is run!
"His murder'd shade shall guide a father's arm;
"Through all thy ranks spread terror and alarm;"
Then rushing on, inflamed with dreadful ire—
'Tis Odin's self!—'tis the immortal Sire!

The wearied Briton falls 'neath beechen lance ;
Before his swimming eye the objects dance ;
The iron bolt-head deep within his brain,
He groans, he struggles—stumbles o'er the plain ;
The quivering limbs—the short, convulsive breath—
The opening mouth—proclaim the reign of death !
Sudden the conflict ceased : but once again
The Britons, to revenge their leader slain,
Renewed the strife ; but horror and dismay
O'erwhelmed each mind. Then closed the glorious day :
Bright victory o'er the Saxon banners blazed,
And shouts of joy through all the host were raised.

Now the bright moon through heaven high
Moving in cloudless majesty,
O'er the wide field her lustre shed
On pallid face of mangled dead.
The prowling wolf with howlings bay,
And vultures hasten to their prey :
When Porta's anxious steps inclined
The body of his son to find.
Impatient o'er the plain he strode,
Still slippery with clotted blood.
Sudden a glittering brooch he spies,
And at his feet the infant lies.
Frantic with grief, his child he prest
Close, closer to his aching breast,
The tent with hurried footsteps traced,
And on his couch the body placed.
Next morn, the corse in state was laid,
With offerings to his hallowed shade,
The altars' fired—the flames arise—
His youthful spirit seeks the skies.

Not so the British chieftain : in the womb
Of the green hill, deep cut his hollow tomb,
In narrow trench, enclosed by ruder stone,
The noble dust of Arthur slept alone.
In other grave[f] commingled lie
Promiscuous friend and enemy.
Above the earth rose broad and high,
And, spared by time, still meets the eye.

Canto the Fourth.

Now shone in Cerdic's lofty hall
The kingly feast and festival.
Full many a noble warrior, dight
In splendid robe and scarf so bright,
And many a blushing lady, fair
As chaste Diana's self, were there ;
And far around in order stand
The vassals of the feudal land.
Then raised the song, the joyful choir
Of minstrel gay and troubadour.
Through fretted hall and gallery
Rolls on th' inspiring melody:
High dome and turret catch the sound,
And back the thrilling echoes bound ;
And every care of frame or soul
Drowned in the sparkling ruby bowl.

" Minstrel ! Minstrel ! strike the string—
" 'Tis Cerdic reigns, the mighty king
" Of Wessex favoured soil.

" Each Saxon wand'rer he befriends,
" To every care and want attends ;
" Here bids him rest from toil.

" Now louder raise each joyful voice,
" Let the whole listening world rejoice ;
" Be Cerdic's worth confest.
" Now softer let each silver sound
" The rapturous theme of love rebound,
" And melt the pensive breast.

CHORUS.

" Then welcome, Chieftain, to our shore !
" Tempt not the rolling ocean more,
" But here in glory shine ;
" While soon some fair, some blushing bride,
" To Cerdic's royal race allied,
" Thy arms in rapture twine."

The music fades. From ivory throne,
That rich in gold and jewels shone,
Great Cerdic bids his guest relate
His travel, and his wanderings state.
From his high seat the hero rose,
And thus obedient spoke his woes.—

" From Hacon's race I boast my royal line,
" In straight succession from the Gods divine.
" A noble tribe my princely rule obeyed ;
" In peace and mercy was my sceptre swayed.
" Then why, ye mighty powers, was I born ?
" Thus forced, an outcast, on the world forlorn !
" Long to my heart a lovely wife I pressed—
" Two lovely babes our mutual fondness blessed :

" But the great Gods—sure, envious of our joy,
" Our love, our happiness without alloy—
" My wife, my Bertha, in one dismal day,
" To her own kindred heaven tore away.
" Instant did giant superstition rise,
" In all its horror, to my father's eyes.
" Thus madly did the aged monarch swear :
" Would Odin deign his tottering life to spare,
" His sons, to solemn sacrifice decreed,[g]
" Before his flaming altars slain, should bleed.
" Before me now the bloody scene appears :
" My brother's dying groans still meet my ears.
" Myself alone escaped the murderous band,
" And fled for safety to my native land.
" Beloved country ! to my heart still dear ;
" To whose sad memory must fall the tear !
" My native portal, kindred, and kind friends—
" The greatest blessing which on man attends :
" All, all are gone—all faded, vanished—I
" Alone must bear my load of misery !
" O'er the wide main our fragile bark we plied:
" Our hope was heav'n—the northern star our guide.
" Ofttimes in gloom of night, the northern war
" Would through the wide horizon gleam afar;
" Celestial warriors join in thickest fight,[h]
" And spread o'er lower worlds terrific fright;
" When, from their hurtling arrows, vivid rays
" The æther wrapt in momentary blaze,
" O'er the dark seas was shed a dismal night,
" Save when some rapid meteor shed its light.
" Long had we borne unutterable woes,
" From human chances and Demoniac foes ;
" When o'er the main the glorious sun beams thrown,
" On loveliest Albion in the distance shone.

" With eager oars we rowed towards the land,
" And leaped in gladness on the golden sand;
" But fate on Porta's lot in gloomy mood
" Still hung portentous: streams of Saxon blood
" Drenched the fair earth: my woes to swell,
" My son, my elder born, unhappy fell."
Here high with anguish keen his bosom swell'd;
Scarce manly pride the starting tear repell'd.
" But funeral rites his wandering shade have blest:
" In the ninth heaven he finds eternal rest.
" Thus, mighty sovereign, have I spoke my life;
" My lengthened wanderings, and unhappy strife;
" And now my own, my comrades' fate demand
" To crave a boon from Cerdic's royal hand.
" When first the distant sky-blue hills were seen,
" Alternate rising from the heaving main,
" In pious offering to our guardian fate,
" Cast we the portal of our palace gate.[1]
" On the dark surge, before the golden head,
" It proudly sailed; we followed where it led,
" 'Till on the Island beach it struck the ground,
" And we by heaven's high will a refuge found.
" There, by permission, 'neath thy kingly sway,
" We'll found a city to adorn the bay.
" Let PORTSMOUTH be the celebrated name,
" To spread o'er all the earth its founder's fame."

NOTES.

[a] *Woolsner, the dœmon dire and rude.*

I have here taken a poetic licence for the origin of the Woolsner sand-bank, which projects from the southern extremity of Hayling Island, a long distance into the sea, which in stormy weather breaks over it with a great noise. A Beacon ship is moored at its southern extremity.

[b] *Lash round great Porta's golden bark.*

The vessels of Romance, in general, far exceeded the one which brought my hero. The reader shall judge from the following description, taken from *Partenopex de Blois*. In 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' the messenger of Henry II. meets a splendid vessel.

Suche ne sawe they never more
For it was so gay before;
Every nail of gold ygrave;
Of pure gold was her sclave.
Her maste was of ivory,
Of samite her sayle wythy.
Her ropes were of white sylke,
As whyte as ever was any mylke.
The noble shyppe was wythout
With cloaths of golde spred about;
And her left, and her wyudlace,
All of gold bespangled was.

[c] *The wars of Odin the divine.*

The exploits of Odin form the chief feature in the Mythology of the North: they are detailed at length in the *Voluspa*, or sacred book—the prophecy of Fola, or Vola, a general name for the northern women, resembling in many respects the Sybils of the Classic age. The work consists of 300 lines; describing the Creation—the employment of the Fairies against Loke, the Typhon of the North; and concludes with the conflagration of the universe. Throughout may be traced a strong resemblance to the mythology of Greece and Rome—the Giants being nearly similar to the Typhon and Giants of Homer and Virgil.

[d] *Here leads he nations from the East.*

Sir William Jones, in his Essays published in the Asiatic Researches, has with great acuteness described the progress of this northern adventurer.

[e] *The warlike songs of Britain sound.*

"Some of battles detailed by the Welch Bards were between Porth and the Britons. One of them is the battle of Longbooth, in which Arthur was Commander in chief: and as

Longbooth literally signifies *the haven of ships*, and was some harbour on the southern coast. we may consider the poem as describing the conflict at Portsmouth, where Porth landed."

Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons.

[f] *In other grave.*

In the year 1816, the writer published an *Account of the Tumulus on Portsdown Hill*; in which it was shewn to be of Saxon origin. The discovery of the *tumulus* at the time gave rise to a literary warfare. The pamphlet contained an Examination of the various hypotheses: that of the author is comprised in the Third Canto of the foregoing Tale.

[g] *His sons to solemn sacrifice decreed.*

In *Mallet's Northern Antiquities* many such examples are deduced. Thus the first king of Virmland was burnt, to stop a dearth. In the History of Norway the Kings did not spare the lives of their sons; since one was sacrificed to Odin, to obtain a victory; and Anne, King of Sweden, offered his nine sons, to obtain a prolongation of his life. Sometimes the person was devoted to the Earth, or *Gorga*; in which case he was thrown into a well: if he sank, the sacrifice was considered propitious. The ceremony concluded with feasts and dancing, which in process of time equalled the Bacchanalian dances of the Greeks, and at length became so vile, that wise men refused to assist at them.

[h] *Celestial warriors join in thickest fight.*

It is the common opinion in the North of Europe, and in the Highlands of Scotland—that land of superstition and romance, that the *Aurora Borealis* is occasioned by the circumstance here alluded to. Many passages of *Ossian* are to this effect; and *Shakspeare*, in 'Julius Cæsar,' exclaims—

"Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds."

[i] *Cast we the portal of our palace gate.*

In the *Landnama Book*, one of the earliest records of Iceland, we find, that when Ingolf, A.D. 374, first emigrated from Norway to that country, as he approached the shore, he threw into the sea the door of his former habitation, and following its course, fixed his abode on that spot to which chance directed it, and which the superstition of the age believed to be appointed for the place of his future settlement.

Historical Epochs

OF

PORTSMOUTH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

appear divinely bright.
And proudly shine in their own native light:
Raised of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint them truest, praise them most.
ADDISON.

When the Saxons in England held sovereign sway,
The Danes paid them visits almost every day.
Till Ethelwulph, sick of their ravaging trips,
Repulsed them at Portsmouth back into their ships.
Anno eight hundred, ninety seven or eight,
Here battled the squadrons of Alfred the Great:
The troublesome Danes met a total defeat—
The men were all hanged, and burnt was the fleet.
In return for which deeds, in one thousand and one,
The Danes entered Hampshire, and victory won;
And for sixty-six years at intervals came,
Poor Portsmouth involving in slaughter and flame.
1066 Here Harold equipped him a fleet, to withstand
Norman Billy from setting his foot on the land:
But a fog favoured William—he passed the ships all,
And safe disembarked at Pevensey Hall.
1086 When Canute looked on England with envious eye,
"Come to England," cried William, "your prowess I'll try."
Poor Canute at the challenge, however, grew pale;
And for Caen sailed the fleet with a favoring gale.
Ere Edgar reigned, the Isle of which I sing
Was a demesne belonging to the King:
'Till by Elfrida all the lands were given
To Winton Minster*, for a seat in heaven;

* The See of Winchester still retains a large portion of it as Collegiate Land.

She o'er her Lord and Husband having rule :—
We have *none* like her in the modern school ! ! !
1101 Here warlike Normandy's aspiring Duke
The bond fraternal and his home forsook :
Against his brother led a rebel band,
And spread confusion o'er th'affrighted land.
But soon the strife was happily appeased :
From civil warfare our First Henry eased ;
1123 Who, as in ancient Chronicles I seek,
I find here passed in pomp the Whitsun-Week.
1146 At this fair spot, Matilda's friends descend,
Against usurping Stephen to contend,
When Discord, through the western lands afar,
" Cried, Havoc ! and let slip the dogs of war."
Robert, proud Glo'ster's Duke, then held the port,
And, steady friend ! led on each strong cohort.
1182 When Philip of Flanders, 'gainst Philip of France,
Had thoughtlessly hurled a long tournament lance, ;
If Harry of England would umpire preside,
His verdict between them should lawful abide.
Second Harry, mistrustful, ere the wish he'd fulfil,
At Portsmouth best thought it to make his last will.
1189 King Henry deceased, his successor and heir,
The Lion-heart Richard upsprung from his lair,
And landing from Caen, to take him a crown,
Spent of *crokards* and *pollards* large sums in the town ;
And when Norman subject, oft full of alarms,
Intreated him hasten, and check the French arms ;
From Portsmouth he sailed for his Aquitaine lands,
With a hundred large *shippes* and numerous bands.
1201 " Let every Earl and Baron bold
" In readiness his tenants hold,
" With horse and arms : by Whitsuntide
" Repair to Portsmouth haven side ;"

Wrote tyrant John, "abroad with me,
"Our vassals quell beyond the sea."
Each Earl refused, and gave as cause
Th' oppressive feudal forest laws.
John finding threats of none avail,
With Isabel his Queen set sail.
1213 "Come the three quarters of the world in arms,
"And we will shock 'em: nought shall make us rue,
"If England to herself do prove but true,"
Vaunted the English Earls, with conscious pride,
And thus th'invading arms of France defied.
At Portsmouth meeting, ships and warlike host,
The British thousands lined the island coast;
'Till dastard John, sole coward of the land,
Gave up the kingly crown to foreign hand.
1229 Hence our Third Harry, 'gainst the realm of France
Bade a tremendous armament advance;
Till by the Bretagne's treacherous Duke deceived,
(Alas! that traitors should be so believed!)
Was forced the finest army to disband
Which till this age had graced our native land.
Some say the King's own brain was his defeat,
Forgetting both provision and a fleet:
France must be reached by one—and men will eat.
1230 Unchecked by troubles, oft with treasures vast,
1242 Henry and court the Solent waters past.
1253 A thousand transports* swelled the kingly train,
Like Birnan's moving forest shone the main.
1245 In this king's reign, the Cinque-Port pirates came,
And Portsmouth oft involved in sheets of flame.
1295 To guard our isle from Gallic foes,
The Portsmouth squadron first arose:
Five goodly ships, well manned and rated,
What time is in the margin stated.

* Of the size of the vessels we may form some idea, from their carrying only 15 men each.

1306 Edward the First, a hungry wight,
Did thus to Hampshire's Sheriff write—
"Eight hundred sacks of wheat we need:
"Send them, I pray, with utmost speed,
"To Portsmouth, winnowed well, and new;
"Two hundred tons of cyder too.
"Bring a receipt on Lady-day:
"Our Chamberlain the bill will pay."
1536 When Scottish David round the southern coast,
With hostile keel the English ocean plowed,
Then first uprose Britannia's native boast,
Her wooden walls, her guardian navy proud—
Edward their founder; who, th' ensuing Lent,
Convened in town a Naval Parliament,
When this our native place one Member sent.
The gallant Navy raised his admiration—
"Henceforth let Portsmouth be the Premier Station!
"For Guienne we'll set sail:"—but the sly rogue,
Landing, stole all thy claret, *Ville la Hogue!*
1377 When France, in Richard's time, destroyed the town,
The pious King, well worthy of renown,
Forgave a heavy debt it owed the Crown;
And also, to assist the vast repairs,
Excused the rent for ten ensuing years.
Scarce six were past, when proud she rose again,
Her vessels boldly entering the *Seine;*
And spite of batteries a num'rous line,
Brought off a glorious prize of choicest wine.
1386 Here Second Richard's court its lustre shed,
While balmy breezes slept in summer bed;
Detained thee, Lancaster,* thy yeomen bold,
Thy merry archers all, as sand untold.

* John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, sailed from this port with an army to assert his right to the Crown of Castile.

1416 When Henry's fleet, with half expanded sail
And golden banner, wooed the tardy gale,
At distance seen, opposing squadrons lay,
And strict blockade closed in the shuddering bay.
At length the western breeze each flag unfurled,
And meteor Henry awed the Gallic world.
1445 Here *Anjou* Margaret, of warlike fame,
With courtly retinue in splendour came:
Both Church and State their choicest pomp displayed,
Rome's gorgeous panoply, and Court parade.
Imperial lustre beamed in all the scene:
Sixth Henry's tribute to his matchless Queen.
1475 Such splendour shone again, when, Edward, thou
Beheld thy cohorts thick in grand Review;
When English warriors brave and ladies gay
Met on our Southern plain, in blythsome May.
1503 Seventh Henry laid foundations of the Docks,
And placed the '*Myghtie Harry*' on the stocks;
Which finished, rode in splendour on the seas,
Her golden pennant floating on the breeze.
On her broad silken sails, of purest white,
Th' emblazoned arms of England met the sight.
Her massy bulk, by gilded sculpture prest,
The first of England's Navy stood confest.
Still France our port beheld with envious eye,
And long'd the valour of our fleets to try.
With this intent, in our Eighth Harry's reign,
Lo! hostile barks usurp the Solent main.
Tow'rds famed St. Helen's Bay a course they bore,
Mocked heaven's high thunder with their cannon's roar.
Our sturdy Monarch hastened to the coast,
To cheer and animate his loyal host.

The English fleet, led on by generous Lisle,
Off Spithead anchor'd, to defend the Isle;
By stratagem to save this happy land,
And lead the foe amid the banks of sand.
Oft the French galleys to our fleet drew near:
As oft retreated, overawed by fear.‡
Moderns will ask—Could Britons calmly view
A sight like this, nor rush upon the foe?
In truth they could:—their chief a gallant man,
But 'twas no Nelson then who led the van.
For two successive days the ships engaged,
Dread broadsides poured, then distant warfare waged;
Till France, unable to sustain the fight,
Wreaked her dire vengeance on the Isle of Wight;
Then fled. 'Portsmouth is ours,' her Monarch cried:
The strange assertion was by facts denied.

First Charles here landed, in return from Spain;
And here his favorite Buckingham was slain;
From Felton's furious dagger met his fate,
A victim to revenge and deadly hate;
While the enthusiast to madness driven,
Proclaimed the act a vengeance due to heaven.§

The Rebel Parliament of Charles, it pleased
To order—'Straight let Portsmouth town be seized
"For our convenience." Goring, forced by fate
And stern necessity, unbarred the gate,

‡ In this visit the King held his residence in Southsea Castle. During the engagement, the *Mary Rose*, one of the largest English vessels, commanded by Sir George Carew, was lost, being overpowered by the weight of her ordnance.

§ The scene of this atrocious murder was, at the time, a large Inn, called the *Spotted Dog*. The premises are at present the residence of the Rev. George Cuthbert, No. 10, in the High-Street. The Duke was stabbed over the shoulder by a knife; and his only exclamation was, 'The Villain has killed me.' Felton, when taken into custody, said 'I know that he is dead; for I had the force of forty men when I struck the blow.' The assassin was hung on Southsea Common; and some remains of his gibbet were visible, not many years since.

And the strong fortress, from that luckless hour,
Became subservient to Cromwell's power.
But when through troubled skies the welcome star
Of happy Restoration beamed afar,
Like captive lioness, the loyal town
Panted to break the chain that held her down;
And when our Second Charles, like mid-day sun,
Triumphant in his people's love came on,
Our sires the Royal Martyr's heir caress'd,
And tow'rds his sacred throne with ardour pressed.
Here did the Lusitanian Princess land,
On England's Monarch to bestow her hand:
Like other maids, impatient to be married;
Though three long days her royal suitor tarried.
This, say my readers fair, was not polite:
With shame I own it—but the truth must write.
1686 'Twas here, against the throne of Second James,
Rebellion kindled her long smothered flames.
Our ancient town first bared the lurid arm;
Hence blazed afar the signal of alarm,
When generous chieftains lawless power defied,
And here in gloomy dungeons lay untried;
Till patriot bands, in Freedom's glorious cause,
Restored the nation's rights, her sacred laws;
The royal bigot fled his tottering throne—
Fill'd henceforth by the people's choice alone.
1689 Here William came, by gratitude inspired,
In knightly robe his gallant tar attired†—
"Herbert! *we'll board Elizabeth*, and dine,
"*Pour votre courage*, be a Peerage thine!"
Again this sovereign saw, in ninety-two,
The Dutch and English fleet in grand review;

† Admiral Herbert, promised by William to be created an Earl, for intercepting a French squadron carrying arms, &c. to James the Second in Ireland.

Dispensed his favours round, and 'half seas o'er,'
"*Chere Rook* sera Milord,*" the Monarch swore;
"*Pardonnez, Messieurs*—but a king must drink;
"*J'espere que vous ne drunkē pas* me think."

Who hath not heard how, oft in Western isle,
Sweeps the tornado tempest! On it comes,
Nor moment's warning. In the furious blast,
Castles and towns—trees, which have stood the brunt
Of hundred winters—prone upon the earth.
Thunder, and hail, and the blue lightning's glare,
Increase the horror: darkness terrific!
Men, cattle, fowls, in one vast ruin hurled!
O'er verdant plain, the bursting billows spread
One vast expanse of water. The affrighted earth,
Quaking for terror, what the tempest spares
O'erthrows. Then are the new-formed shores
Strewed in an instant with a thousand wrecks,
And gasping mariners. Such, Portsmouth, on thy coast
1703 and 1750 In the last century, twice, with giant might,
Threatened destruction.†

1703 Here Charles the Third, upon his voyage for Spain,
Landing, with Queen Anne dined, then sailed again;
But adverse winds forbade the ship restore
Th' entrusted monarch to his native shore.

1712 Here Hanway, the Philanthropist, was born,
Whose acts the age he lived in well adorn;
While commerce, spread by him, in kind return
Shed her best honours round his hallowed urn.

1756 Here Byng, the misjudged Admiral, was shot:
Memory turns pale and shudders at his lot.

* Admiral Sir Charles Rook.

† In the first tempest here spoken of, many houses were destroyed, and lives lost; the *Newcastle* frigate and *Vesuvius* fire-ship were also lost at Spithead. In the second storm the shock of an earthquake was felt: a similar shock was also felt 16 years since.

1782 Brave Kempenfeldt and crew here found a grave
Beneath the calm translucid summer wave,
When by an accident unheard before
The *Royal George* went down to rise no more.
1795 Here was the *Boyne*, ill-fated, lost in flame,
Though Phœnix-like another bears her name.
1773 Third George, surnamed *the Pious*, good and great,
Oft gladdened Portsmouth with his royal state;
Each worthy subject shared his kind regard,
Delighting ever merit to reward. *
1794 To raise the patriot in each princely breast,
The town again his regal presence blest:
Then at the gracious Monarch's side were seen
His royal offspring and illustrious Queen:
Affection, loyalty, went hand in hand,
And welcomed George, the Father of the Land!
Why throbs each warlike heart—why dimmed each eye
With flowing tear—the tear of extacy?
Why humbly bends the Chief, untamed in war?
A grateful King bestows the splendid star:
Stifled the voice of thanks—see conquering HOWE,
Subdued by royal kindness, silent bow!
I'll not attempt in sounding verse
Each expedition to rehearse:
What convoys sailed, what fleets equipped,
What troops, what ammunition shipped;
Or, by our Howes and Nelsons led,
What fleets and squadrons thronged Spithead.
Suffice it, that with every sun
Thundered salute, or signal gun;

* At the Royal Visit in 1773, the King bestowed the honor of knighthood on the late Sir John Carter, father of our present Member of Parliament. He was long senior Alderman, and many times Mayor of the Borough; as well as a Magistrate and Depaty Lieutenant for the county. The grateful memory of this *good man* by all classes of inhabitants is a higher tribute to his worth than would be any encomium from my pen.

At the subsequent visit in 1794, his Majesty presented a superb sword and medal to Lord Howe, on board his ship at Spithead, on occasion of the glorious victory off Brest, on the 1st of June.

Till Peace came on, when, hideous tale!
Spithead is advertised for sale;
Or merchant-men a seven years' lease may take:
Save us, Directors Indian, or we break!

1814 Here George the Fourth, then Regent of the land,
Came with imperial pomp and princely band:
When he with Prussia's King and Russia's Czar,
Beheld the famous imitative war.
Onward he comes, his thronging subjects press
Around his chariot, and his presence bless.
'Tis England's hope, the chief of Brunswick's line,
In whom the virtues of his father shine.
Hark! from unnumbered multitudes arise
The rapturous shout: it shakes the vaulted skies.
From tower and battlement, for ages mute,
Now thundering ordnance pour the loud salute.
Not greater concourse met in ancient Rome
When god-like Cæsar rode in triumph home.
Sound the loud trumpet: beat the furious drums!
Behold Britannia's conquering hero§ comes—
'Tis Lusitania's mighty saviour, he,
The dreadful scourge of Gallic tyranny!
Of Northern heroes see a glorious throng,
Illustrious names, to swell the minstrel's song:
Blucher and Platoff, Oldenburgh the fair;
Whose mingled praises rend the troubled air.
While on each setting day, the vivid fire
Of blazing torches bade the night retire;
Till from the varied scenes the honoured race,
Kings, Lords, and Commons, all depart in peace:
The pagent ended, here our epochs cease.

§ The Duke of Wellington arrived, on the second day of the Fete, from his brilliant campaign in Spain and the South of France.

Were I to attempt to enumerate the various personages present on this occasion, it would be but a re-print of the Court Calendar. During this visit, the honor of knighthood was bestowed on Henry White, Esq. Mayor of the Borough.

Prospects.

The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the soil—the city much surpassing
The common fame it bears. SHAKSPEARE.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
Our first, best country, ever is at home. GOLDSMITH.

Ere Albion first from ocean rose—
And when that happened heaven knows;
(Though Sullivan‡ may date its birth,
When Noah's Deluge left the earth,)
From various incidents we may conclude,
O'er this our native isle the waters flowed;
Its low and flattened aspect, well inclined
To raise such supposition in the mind,
Viewing with calm and philosophic eye
Th' adjacent shores, from Portsdown's summit high.
Nay, the Historic Muse, with faithful hand,
Relates how it forsook the castle strand,§
When Nepture bade each listening Triton round
Rear the fair islands from the deep profound.
Sudden the blushing lands appeared confess'd,
Which thus the sea green God indulgent bless'd:
" To endless time be this a verdant spot,
" And this our Mandate for its envied lot:
" From northern blasts preserved by Portsdown's hight;
" From southern tempests by the Isle of Wight,
" Which, from the main land, let the swelling tide,
" Expanding tow'rds the west, with floods divide;
" Along whose margin fertile lands be spread,
" And eastward roll the azure ocean's bed.
" Hence shall Britannia's bulwarks spread her fame:
" Known to all nations be the city's name.
" Hence will I send my sons," the monarch cried,
" Bid them, invincible, the billows ride

‡ See *Sullivan's View of Nature.* § Portchester Castle.

" To each extended pole—'Tis our decree,
" Britons alone shall rule the tribute sea."
In rich fertility, the isle might vie
With Crete, of ancient fame, or Sicily.
Here generous Ceres, from her golden horn,
Scatters abundant crops of yellow corn.
Here are Pomona's choicest gifts bestowed,
In luscious orchards, bending 'neath their load ;
While loveliest Flora through the smiling land
Sheds health and fragrance with unsparing hand.
Who can unmoved behold his country's pride,
The fleets of England, on our waters ride ;
The lofty battlements' stupendous breadth—
Their giant strength—the implements of death,
Such as in Milton's hallowed page we find
The rebel angels 'gainst high heaven inclined ;
The spacious port, of wealth a boundless store ;
The vast and spreading docks, or busy shore ;
Nor feel a secret zeal his heart expand,
In exultation o'er a scene so grand?

Lines,

Written in the Cupola on the Tower of St. Thomas's Church, A. D. 1814.

[From this elevation a Panoramic View is presented, equal to any in the kingdom. The trouble of mounting 200 steps will be amply repaid, especially if the tide be high in the harbour. A traveller from Italy witnessing the prospect, a few years since, exclaimed in extacy—' *Venice ! Venice ! this is my own Venice !*']

What beauties strike th'enraptured eye,
And fill the soul with extacy !
The ample bay, the Vectian isle,
In rich luxuriant beauty smile :

Its lofty mountains, woodlands wide;
Villas, reflected in the tide,
While various shipping, placed between,
Increase the grandeur of the scene.
Borne swiftly on by favoring gale,
At distance mark approaching sail.
First on the wave a speck appears;
The lofty mast its summit rears;
Till onward by the light winds press'd,
The stately vessel stands confess'd,
Reflecting back the glowing light,
From full bent canvass dazzling white;
Then sudden veering, to our view
How dark, how dusky is their hue!
Her flag displayed, far echoing round
Rolls the saluting cannon's sound,
In honour due—while to the skies
White wreathing clouds of smoke arise.
Now to the port the ship draws near,
Hark 'tis the soul inspiring cheer
The seamen raise! behold the crowd
On deck, on forecastle, on shroud,
While proudly o'er the foaming waves
Sounds, "Britons never shall be slaves!§"
Fit subject for the painter's hand,
Behold yon Castle on the strand—
(The modern fort adorns the place
A pile romantic wont to grace,)—
The lofty mill, the marshes damp,
The Common spread with warlike camp;

§ What sight can equal that of a first rate man-of-war entering the Harbour? Those who have seen the spectacle can alone appreciate its magnificence—then indeed is the true spirit of our national hymn felt by each British heart.

Gardens, with hamlets placed between,
And villas fair, 'mid bowers green;
Each spacious town—each terrace proud—
Wide spreading street, and busy road;
Rampart and *glacis*, bastion strong;
The elm-grove and the arch-way long;
The line of forts, obscurely seen—
The verdant hills and islands green—
The Dock—its towers exalted high,
And Portsea's Ramparts lying nigh;
Whereon in beauteous order shine
The tall Herculean trees divine;†
The Inner Port, which far recedes
Amidst the richly varied meads;
The antique towers, in solemn mood,
Majestic on the margent flood;
The plains of Hampshire stretching round,
By wood or darksome forest crown'd,
While Portsdown's lofty cloud-capped head,
With numerous fleecy flocks o'erspread,
In distance seen, of azure blue,
Compleats and bounds the matchless view.

† The Lines of Portsea are thickly planted with Poplars, &c. which from a distance have the appearance of a large Park.

Although the whole of the Scenery described above, cannot be enjoyed from a less elevated spot, the objects may be seen in detail with equal pleasure. The view from the Platform is rarely equalled; ever varying, ever grand and delightful, whether the sea be smooth, or tempestuous—by day, or by night. Proceeding round the Ramparts, each bastion presents the port and country in a new view. Southsea Castle is rich in beauty; beyond it, following the shore, we lose sight of the town, and see an expanse of water reaching to the horizon. From the high ground beyond Eastney Fort, the Harbour of Langston opens upon us, bounded by Hayling Island, and the Southdowns; its margin lined with towns and villages. The Ramparts of Portsea, Gosport, Monkton Fort, &c. present scenes equally interesting. No visitor of these towns, however short his stay, should depart without visiting the Platform, for a view of the outer port; then proceeding to the Point Beach, take a view of the Harbour, bounded by immense docks and arsenals, and covered by the Bulwarks of Britain in all their magnificence. Cold indeed must be the heart which can view these Scenes with indifference.

THE

Town of Portsmouth.

This ancient town.
How wanton sits she amidst nature's smiles!
the storehouse of the world,
Where sails unnumbered whiten all the stream.
YOUNG.

☞ *The References direct to Notes at the end of this Section.*

In olden time, two days were spent,
'Twixt Portsmouth and the Monument;
When Flying Diligences plied,
When men in Roundabouts would ride,
And, at the surly driver's will,
Get out and climb each tedious hill.
But since the rapid Freeling's age
How much improved the *English Stage!*
Now in ten hours the London Post
Reaches from Lombard-Street our coast.

In seventeen hundred, seventy and one,
Our streets were neatly paved with Portland stone.
The British Senate bade the work commence;
But towns-folk grumbling bore the vast expence.[a]

Our streets, laid out in parallel:
Their merits we proceed to tell.
First *High-Street*, broadest of the four,
Runs from the gateway to the shore,
Adorned with Market-house and Hall,[b]
Which many pray may some day fall.
One *Carpenter*, "riche man of myght,"
First bade the fabric spring to light,

What time, as Lelande's works relate,
Our eighth King Henry ruled the state.
From hence the glove, hung high in air,
Gives signal of our annual Fair.
Here our Port-Admiral resides
In mansion which the state provides;
Here too the small, neat Theatre,
Where sixty winter evenings drear,
In tragic pomp, the Muse refined
Points moral lessons to the mind;
Or 'holds the mirror up' of life
In 'Townly' or the 'Jealous Wife.'
The Chapel neat,[c] attention claims,
Connected long with worthy names:
Here *Brown* long taught, with rapture fired,
For zeal with charity admired;
Till one sad thought, like simoon wind,
With madness struck his giant mind[c];
Here *Wrenne*, the Howard of his day,
Whose kindness soothed the rugged way
Of captive throngs: his willing aid
A grateful nation's thanks repaid.
Here are our Inns of chief renown,
The *George*, the *Fountain*, and the *Crown*.
With *Hotel Clarence*, where once stood
The *White-House*[d] strong in gloomy mood:
But when some wag was heard declare
Its likeness to the August Heir
Of England's Throne, being next the *Crown*,
The Corporation broker *knocked it down*.
Then rose a prison, vast and strong,
In Penny Street; from whence a throng
Of genuine patriots[e] oft are sent
To the Antarctic Continent;

Here kept until the favoring gale
Bids the ill-freighted vessel sail.
  Next turn we to *St. Thomas-Street*,
Retired, elegant, and neat.
At either end green elms are seen,
Tall poplars deck the space between;
Here our tall church, the heavens greeting;
Post-Office, and the Baptist Meeting;
Lieutenant-Governor's abode,
And Agent's House and garden rood. [f]
  Next on the North a street appears—
The name of *Warblington* it bears;
Which, near the Land-port entrance placed,
Has long our ancient town disgraced.
Here stands in sombre chilling mood,
Of age and want the drear abode.[g]
  Hail, *King-Street*, where our *tars* to cheer,
Beef, biscuit, pork, and good strong beer,
Are piled in storehouse large and high,
Enough the cravings to supply
Of any man, or rich or needy,
Lay-Brother thin, or 'Justice Greedy!' [h]
  In *Penny-Street*, behold the school,
Now filled alone by desk and stool,
    By Smith, M. D. endowed; [i]
And ancient Alms-house rising near,
By Burgess, name for ever dear,
    On Widows *nine* bestowed!
The vast Depôt! the Court-House here;
The Factories for genuine beer
    Of *D*——, *C*——, pass;
And *G*——'s well-built mansion high,
Whose stores, that might with Barclay's vie,
    Adorn *St. Nicholas*;

" Henry the Eighth, in warres with Fraunce,
" Bade seven great Brewing Stores advaunce,
" With implements, to serve his shippes,
" When they might take them warlike trippes."*
But in late times the bands Marine
In martial pomp adorn the scene,
And oft, with heavenly music's aid,
Invite us to the promenade. [k]

Near this, with all accommodation,
Befitting military station,
Stand *Four-House* Barracks—but for me,
I never yet found more than *three*.

Some other streets transversely run,
Or radiate, like the beaming sun,
Viz.—White-Horse, Lombard, good St. Mary[l];
Rows, Lanes, and Courts, some close, some airy.

In fair *Green-Row*[m], see mild Religion's seat,
The Wesleyan Chapel, spacious, strong, and neat.
Near this the *Portsmouth Institution* stands,
Whose structure, as its object, praise demands
(Poor boys and girls are here instructed well,
Upon the useful plan of Dr. Bell);
Surmounted by a spacious high-roofed hall,
Oft used for Publick Meeting, Concert, Ball.

Hark! the soft flute salutes my ear,
The harp's wild notes, to minstrel dear,
The deep trombone, the heavenly violin,
While drum and trump at intervals join in.
See, in chill night, the assembled throng
In mazy windings sweep along;
And German Waltz, and new Quadrille of France,
Banish the good old English Country-Dance.

* See Lelande's Toure.

AN EPISODE.

'Tis an old saying—doubtless true—
I leave it, Gentlemen to you—
How many lovely women we
May every day in Portsmouth see !
And yet a snarling ancient *quean*,
Made up of buckram, pride, and spleen,
Says, " For Old Maids, in all the nation
" Sure Portsmouth is the allotted station."
A slanderous libel e'en if true:
We'll try it *ex officio*.
Defendant pleads—" Hear my defence
" I'll prove I speak not on pretence.
" You've *beaux* enough, and *belles* more bright ;
" But where's the joy for winter's night ?
" The lovely girls at home must stay,
" With the old folks at Pope-Joan play,
" While the young Bloods, in ball-room pride,
" Hasten to Horndean, Fareham, Ryde.
" Thus have the maidens of the isle
" No chance to win by gracious smile :
" The youthful swain, with ardour fired,
" No chance to meet the maid admired.
" Wedlock is ever near for man ;
" But girls must marry when they can.
" How much would an Assembly aid
" Your peaceful town's expiring trade !
" Conceive of lads and lasses bright,
" Preparing for the appointed night :—
" ' You want a hat and gloves ; and I
" ' Silk stockings for the night must buy.'
" ' I vow I've soiled my satin shoe—
" ' New flowers I want—and so do you :

" 'See that there be of tea no dearth,
" 'Nor spicy wines to raise our mirth.'
" 'Impossible! to walk a mile!
" 'We may as well go out in stile:
" 'Pray get from R———n, or B——tt,
" 'Their largest coach—our friends will fill it!"
" Say, that a Guinea *be* put down;
" Is it not spent within the town?
" Or in the true Hunt-arian strain,
" Will it not all come round again?
" Then prithee, friends, but for the sake
" Of Portsmouth female charms at stake,
" Remove the stain! Join townsmen all,
" Next winter, have a GREEN-ROW BALL."

The Guard-house strong, the stately Bank,
The Mansion for Imperial rank,
Adorn the Grand Parade;
Where oft in long extended line,
The warriors of Britain shine,
In martial pomp arrayed.
Here *belles*, all dashing, gay, and fair,
And *beaux* so spruce and *debonaire*,
Their elegance display;
The latest fashion still the theme,
They float on pleasure's fairy stream,
And careless pass the day.

Before 'twas Wolsey's stern resolve
Each *House Religious* to dissolve,
The Palace of our Govenor,
A stately pile, rose near the shore:
But strange the changes it has seen—
First turned into a Magazine;

But fearing fire, though next the water,
'Tis now the Royal *House of Slaughter.*
Where tow'rds the north its front uprears
The bust of *Premier* Charles appears,
In hollow niche, and circled round
With laurel'd wreath, the Arms are found.
Instead of more enlarged description,
Suppose we give you the inscription:

"KING CHARLES THE FIRST,"
"After his Travels through all France and Spain, and having passed
"many dangers, both by Sea and Land, he arrived here the 5th day
"of October, 1623."

The Government House.

In ancient time, when Peter† held this See,
Here rose in Gothic state a Priory;
On which th' illustrious man, in pious mood,
Bestowed the hallowed title '*House of God.*'[a]
Here Wickham's Brother held despotic reign
O'er lazy Monks and Nuns a numerous train,
Who, where St. Nicholas lay in pomp enshrined,
By day and night their holy knees inclined:
Rich incense blazed, and solemn masses rose,
T' insure the founder's soul a safe repose.
The pealing organ rolled its notes around,
And the full choir increased the awful sound;
While through the 'long-drawn aisle' and cloisters dim,
Rose the loud anthem or the vesper hymn.

Richard, the Portsmouth Cenceror, agreed
Three silver pennies every year to pay
For 'Suwyck Convent,' by enacted deed,
Land-rent to God's-house, on St. Michael's day.

† Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester.

When stripped of power each Templar Knight,
The Portsmouth Convent took
Thy manors in the Isle of Wight,
Illustrious Lord of Brooke!

William of Wickham, in his will,
Thus bade Executor fulfil:
"One pair of Vestments to the Priest,
"And golden cup for Eucharist."

When sturdy Eighth Harry filled up the wide throne,
He cried out in haste to proud Wolsey alone,
"*Domus Dei*" go seize, as High Lord of the Town;
"Away, tell the Prior: our decree—take it down.
"We at once put an end to his sojournment there,
"Since of marks he cant spend five hundred each year:
"So haste, close the door—Be sure strongly lock it—
"And of cash the whole store, bring away in your pocket."

Iconoclasts then sacked the place:
Since, '*Tempus edax*' dire
Has razed—and scarcely left a trace—
The cloister, hall, and spire.
Ball-room and court usurp the cell,
Where Holy Father shriven
In private held confessional,
And taught the way to heaven.

'Twas here the nuptial knot was tied
'Twixt Charles the Second and his bride,
The lovely Kate. In honey-moon
Thus wrote the King to Clarendon:

" Portsmouth, May 21, eight in the morning.

" Arrived here yesterday at noon;
" Went to my dear wife's room as soon
" As I had shifted. Not each grace
" Of fairest Venus in her face:
" But still her eyes I must admire—
" They're excellent, and full of fire.
" Her conversation easy,—wit,
" And voice, as might a Queen befit;
" And wonder would be raised in thee,
" Could you our good acquaintance see.
" Certain our humours well accord:
" She'll prove a lovely wife, my Lord!
" With weighty matters so opprest,
" Seek from my Nobleman the rest.
" C. REX."

St. Thomas's Church.

See yonder hallowed fane, the pious work
Of hands once famed, now dubious or forgot.
BLAIR.

'Twas not till Second Henry's day,
When *Becket* held despotic sway,
A Church was here, where priests might read,
Or teach our ancestors their Creed:
'Till *Rupibus* the pile began
(Memorial of the holy man);
When finished, to secure its fame,
He bade it ever bear the name
By which the Pope, kind-hearted soul,
Did *Becket* mid the Saints enroll.

The ancient structure rose sublime,
Admired, through long succeeding time,
When o'er the centre of the cross
Rose the square tower, clothed in moss,
Up-borne by clustering pillars four,
Though two delight the eye no more—
Like monuments of classic pride,
O'erwhelmed in time's devouring tide,
When innovators doomed their fall,
Thinking the church by far too small
To hold the folk who came to pray—
How different our sectarian day!
Then sunk the ancient nave and tower;*
And *Stanyford*, with guardian power,
Framed and contrived the present pile—
(His resting-place in Southern aisle);
Altered the Presbytery—and, it appears,
Bequeathed his whims to future heirs—
Sure never Church lack'd such repairs!
Townsmen, who thought it incomplete,
Would oft in vestry wrangling meet,
'Till 'twas resolved, on tower high
A spreading dome should greet the eye;
Above, to every varying gale,
A gilded vessel spread her sail;
In upper lanthorn hang a bell,
Whose note approaching fleets should tell,
(In modern times, in dead of night,
It calls for aid, when fires affright;)
While in the dome a peal should swing,
On every glad occasion ring—
Five, at request of gallant Rooke,
Prince George from Dover's Pharos took,
Presenting to the town, but these
Not brilliant toned enough to please,

Were then re-cast, three larger added—
The vote being in full vestry carried.
Which *Brandon*, fond of sacred rhymes;
Confirmed with charming changing chimes.

Come, Contemplation! thou, who lov'st to roam
'Mid hollow tombs, and where the funeral yew
Sheds o'er the mouldering ashes of the dead
A sad and solemn gloom: attend us now
Through the interior of the hallowed pile!
Inspire with thoughts sublime. Pass we the gate,
To where, on lofty Doric pillars reared,
The vaulted roof re-echoes to the sound
Of the melodious organ's pealing note,
Touched by a master's hand. Now full and grand,
It fills with admiration every soul:
Now in a milder, softer strain, it breathes,
And in soft fading cadence dies away.
Lo! where the sacred altar of our faith,
The holy precepts of the Christian law,
And the emblazoned name of Israel's God,
Strike with a pleasing awe. The marble urn,
Emblazoned heraldry, and pompous stile
Of richest sculpture, bold entablature,
The lengthened epitaph, in golden verse,
Sacred to *Villiers*, Duke of Buckingham;
Whose actions in the council and the field,
And whose untimely end, the Historic Muse
Shall to the latest eve of time relate.
Here *Kempthorn* rests, who nobly served his King
With glory and applause. Here *Brandon* sleeps,
Of strictest honor, virtue, probity;
And here the Seaman's gratitude hath raised
The marble trophy to their leader brave,

The generous *Taylor*. Here lies *Charles Blount*,
A noble warrior and a gentleman:
His sculptured image seems indeed to breathe
Devoutest praises to the throne of grace.
Here *Willoughby's* high tomb. But should I now
Recount each token of the illustrious dead,
'Twould volumes fill—a tribute justly paid.
Learn from the warrior's monument to serve
Thy King, thy Country, with the Lion's force;
And, from the epitaphs of holy men,
To emulate their great, their godlike acts.
So, when the trump of the Archangel sounds,
And summons each pale ghost from death's chill house,
Thou in the presence of thy Judge may stand
In firm collectiveness, and unappalled.

The Point.

"Let us to Comus' Court repair."

Hail! place of noise, distraction, fun!
Hail, scene of wide spread fame!
To every nation fully known,
Which knows the English name!
Here oft in midnight revelry,
The violin and song,
Conjoined with mirth and jollity,
Exhilarate the throng.
Here taverns numberless indeed
In long succession rise;
And the gay shops of Israel's seed
Entice the seamen's eyes.

Here 'tis the Custom-House, the Quay
Commodious, you may find;
And use the Baths of limpid sea
If so you feel inclined;
The great Round Tower and the Square,
With many an ancient street—
'Twould blushes raise in lady fair,
Should I their names repeat;
The Baltic Wharf—each ample store—
The winding tranquil bay
(Pray, Cockney critic, are you sore?)
Where merchant vessels lay.
Ofttimes the unwelcome waters rise—
The streets are all afloat;
And where was late dry land, now plies
The waterman his boat.
Ofttimes the seaman, free of heart,
Some flattering wench to please,
Is seen to play the *Bang-up* part,
And sport the one-horse chaise.

'Twas Second James who made complete
The archway, bridge, and moat,
Which from the town this noisy seat
Excludes completely out:
Corinthian pillars, soaring high,
With gorgeous capital,
Support the heavy balcony,
The spreading dome and ball.

The Genius of the Storm, one night,
Here bade the tempest sweep,
And many houses, woeful sight!
Hurl headlong in the deep.

Sudden disturbed from nightly rest,
Circassian fair see flocking,
To save the treasure each possest,
Placed snug in worsted stocking!

THE EXPLOSION.

When loudly cried each Spanish Lord,
"Pray hasten embarkation:
"Britain! unsheath thy flaming sword,
"And save our sinking nation;"
When, spread along the crowded shore,
To gain a moment's rest,
The regiments lay, with plenteous store
In ammunition chest;
'Twas here a maid of Erin's Isle,
Who well a pipe could quaff,
And either cast a heavenly smile,
Or join the boisterous laugh,
High on a cask for mischief ripe,
Majestic took her seat,
While oft the sparkles from her pipe
She scattered at her feet.
Sudden th' exploding thunder burst,
Destruction marked its way,
And far around the rolling smoke
Obscured the light of day.
Dismay in every face appeared—
Few knew from whence the sound;
And Fear her dreadful form upreared
And shed her horrors round.
Many a wretched wife that day
Bewailed a husband lost;
Whose mangled limbs disordered lay
Along the blood-stained coast.

This brings an adage to my mind,
Which somewhere I have read—
If mischief come, you'll surely find
A woman at the head.

THE LONG-BACKED HORSE.

A gallant Tar, a merry wight,
In jacket of true blue bedight,
With rows of buttons pearly white,
Appeared one morning at a stable door,
And 'woke Sir Ostler from a lengthen'd snore.
"I want a long-backed horse, to go—" to where?"—
"Where do you think? why, zounds, to Portsdown Fair.
"So bear a hand—I care not, horse or mare,
"So a long-back I have!" With cunning grin,
George to the stables led the sailor in;
There shewed him horses, long, and short, and fat,
High, low, blood, boney, and all that;
But none were long enough.—"Gods!" cried the groom,
"How long do you expect a horse? a fathom?
"But I remember, I've a Rosinante,
"Fathered by Longshanks on a high-blood mare,
"She'll suit you to a tittle—do ye see,
"She is long-backed enough, I'd freely swear."
"I swear she's not," Jack Tar impatient cried,
"I cannot suit you then," the groom replied;
"The mare is nimble, active, young, and strong:
"Wherefore dost want a back so very long?"
"I'll tell ye, I've four shipmates, friend, who wait
"To ride behind me from the Landport Gate!"

I cannot warrant that this tale be true:
But as I had it, I relate to you.

THE

BATTLE OF PORTSMOUTH.

[*At the close of the American War, the 77th Regt. or* Athol Highlanders, *were ordered to embark here for the East Indies. But having enlisted for service only during the war, they refused to go on board, and surrounded and disarmed their Officers on the Grand Parade. The Main Guard, consisting of a detachment of the* 41*st, or* Royal Invalids, *endeavoured to quell the tumult, but having no ammunition, were marching off for a reinforcement, when an enraged Highlander fired, and killed one of them, on the Queen's Bastion—the rest immediately ran off with full speed, except their Officer, who being a cripple was taken prisoner, and subjected to much ridicule by the victors. The affair was made a subject of Parliamentary discussion, which ended in the Regiment being marched to Scotland, and disbanded.*]

When the long *Yankee* war had ceased,
A gallant Highland corps
Was ordered hither to embark
For India's distant shore.
But of the valiant Scots, each man
Sighed for his native home,
To join again his ancient clan,
And o'er the mountains roam.
In fair Stoke's Bay the transports lay,
And boats were on the strand:
No soldier would the word obey,
Which ordered, "Leave the land!"
"We've served out King and Country well
"Full many a fiery day,
"And is it lawful now to sell,
"And send us far away?"
His claymore broad each leader brave
Was instant forced to yield;
Nay, threatened with a yawning grave,
Unless he left the field.

Old soldiers then opposed the squall
  Which every townsman feared,
'Till whistling shot struck Tommy Prawl;
  When quick they disappeared.
Foolish it would have been to stay—
  Their courage who can doubt?
But shot and powder none had they—
  What could be done without?
Their leader bold was captive caught
  For quarter forced to beg;
In vain upon escape he thought,
  For he'd a wooden leg.
I've heard the aged folk declare,
  Nor doubt I what they say,
Those with long legs the happiest were
  On that eventful day.
I've heard of one who fled so fast
  (Sure running was no crime),
Into a builder's cellar cast,
  Up to his neck in lime.
Full many other dire mishaps
  To other folks befel;
But it would tedious prove, perhaps,
  The half were I to tell.
Suffice it, that through all the place
  Confusion held her reign,
'Till the *braw Scots* were marched awa',
  And peace appeared again.

Notes.

HIGH-STREET.

Note (a).—The Act of Parliament for Paving the Town was passed in 1763, the work was completed in 1771, at an expence of £9,000. Subsequent Acts intrust the Commissioners with Lighting and Watching the town. To defray the charges they are empowered to levy annually *three* rates, of *three-pence* in the pound on the estimated rental of houses and lands. It is to be hoped that ere long the improved *Gas Light* will be introduced. Though the town boasts great antiquity, but few of the Ancient Buildings remain. Even in my time most of the low gable-roofed houses of the High-Street have given place to the more elegant and convenient edifices of modern architecture. The most ancient houses are those erected on the Collegiate-grounds, namely, in Lombard-Street, St. Mary's, &c.

Note (b).—The Market House, surmounted by the *Old Town Hall*, is placed, as in many ancient towns, in the middle of the street, obscuring some of the best houses. The Hall was enlarged and improved in 1796, in the Mayoralty of the late JOHN GODWIN, Esq. by the erection of Concil-Chamber, supported by eight elegant Corinthian pillars, forming a fine portico, which in any other situation would prove no small embellishment to the town: at present it only serves to obstruct a street, but for this interruption, as fine as any in the kingdom. I believe the general sentiments of the town are expressed in the line to which the Note bears reference. Since the erection of the *New Sessions Room*, in Penny-Street, it is used, by permission of the Mayor and Aldermen, for the Meetings of various Public Bodies, the Canal and Water-Works Companies; the Portsmouth Musical Society, &c. &c.

The Market Days are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; when excellent supplies of every article may be obtained.

Note (c).—The UNITARIAN (formerly styled *Presbyterian*) CHAPEL, built A. D. 1720, when the Society removed from an ancient erection in Penny-Street, on the site of which now stands part of Mr. Carter's brewery. It was here that a Public Disputation was held on the subject of Baptism, by permission of the Government, and in the presence of Colonel John Gibson, Lieut. Governor, and Henry Seager, Esq. Mayor, in the year 1699; the records of which, published separately by each party, are still to be found in the libraries of the curious.

The Rev. SIMON BROWNE was Pastor of the Congregation, at the commencement of the last century. In Dr. Hawkes-

worth's *Adventurer* is an interesting account of this gentleman, who, though eminent for learning and piety, laboured for years under the delusion, that God had deprived him of his rational soul; which however did not hinder him from writing an able "Defence of the Religion of Nature," dedicated to Queen Caroline. He was succeeded by the Rev. —— Norman. Dr. WRENNE, the next minister, received the thanks of Congress for his humane attention to American prisoners of war, at this port, during our unhappy contest with their country. The Rev. RUSSELL SCOTT has presided over the society with great respectability for the last 33 years; filling up, with his two predecessors, the full space of a century.—A Library has recently been established in the Vestry, by subscriptions of one penny per week: it already comprises several hundred volumes in divinity and general literature, and is rapidly increasing.

Note (*d*).—The old GAOL, called the *White-House*, on the site of which now stands the Clarence Hotel. Under the causeway in front, is a very large well, the covering of which, a few years since, foundered, to the imminent peril of the London Mail Coach.—The New Gaol will be noticed under the head of Penny-Street.

Note (*e*).——"*Of genuine patriots.*"—The allusion is to a Prologue, spoken by the noted George Barrington, on opening a Theatre in New South Wales—

> "*True Patriots we—for, be it understood,*
> *We left our country for our country's good.*"

ST. THOMAS'S-STREET.

Note (*f*).—The Residences for the Lieut.-Governor and the Agent-Victualler are suitable to the dignity and importance of their stations.

THE POST-OFFICE (under the direction of Mr. WELCH).—It may be useful to strangers, to be informed, that Letters for the London and Brighton Mails must be put in before Seven o'clock in the Evening: those received by the same conveyances are delivered at Nine in the Morning:—no bags are sent on Saturday Evening, nor any received on Monday Morning.——There is also a Mail every day to Bristol, which conveys letters to all the Western Counties: the bags are closed at Five in the Evening—delivery at Nine in the Morning: *Letters for the Isle of Wight* (except Ryde) are sent by this conveyance. For public convenience there is a Post-Office

in *Union-Street*, Portsea ; which closes at Four for the Western, and at Six o'clock for the London Mails.

The CHAPEL of the *General Baptists*, was built in 1715, the society having probably existed in this town from the dawn of nonconformity. Its situation, on the site of the old chapel, in a retired court, near the Post Office, points backward to the time when such erections existed only by connivance of the ruling powers. A convenient Baptistry was constructed in it, about the middle of the last century : previously Baptism by Immersion was administered in a small piece of water in the orchard in front of Eastney Farm, which was many years occupied by Mr. Osmond, one of the society. Messsrs. BOWES, STURCH, AUSTEN, and MILLS, have successively been Pastors : the latter was succeeded in 1812 by Mr. JOSEPH BRENT.

Note (*g*).—WARBLINGTON-STREET is designated in old records *The Hog-Market*. At the upper part stands the Poor-House, a large building, erected in the last century : it is to be regretted that it is placed in so disagreeable a neighbourhood. In most towns will be found some part where vice and wretchedness take up their abode : here, unfortunately, they meet the traveller on his entrance.

Note (*h*).—The Stores of the VICTUALLING DEPARTMENT occupy both sides of *King-Street* and part of St. Mary's. The Establishment for baking Biscuit for the Navy, the Stores for all kinds of provisions, as well as that on the Quay, and the Brew-house and Cooperage at Weevil, are, for extent and arrangement, commensurate to the great national object for which they were constructed.

The buildings behind the Agent's house were erected in the beginning of the last century, as appears from the records ; at which time the locks for the doors were obliged to be obtained from London, it being impossible to obtain such things in the town. The wall round the Agent's house was built at the same time. The immense Stores in King-Street have been built about 40 years ; besides which, several have been of late erected on ground rented from the Corporation, on the Quay.

PENNY-STREET.

Note (*i*).—THE FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—In the year 1732. Dr. SMITH, a physician long resident in the town, bequeathed an Estate called *East Standen Farm*, in the Isle of Wight, in trust to the Dean and Chapter of Christ-Church,

Oxford, for the establishment of a Free Grammar School, in the town, and authorising them to pay salaries of £50 per annum to a Master, and £30 to an Usher. In the year 1750, the rents having accumulated to a sufficient sum, the Trustees purchased the house in Penny-Street, for the Master to reside in rent-free, and erected the school behind; they have appointed the Masters from time to time, and within a few years raised the salaries to £80 for the Master, and £60 the assistant: but, we understand, *no person* has ever been *gratuiously educated* in pursuance of the founder's bequest.——The Farm is now held on lease by the widow of the late Mr. Henry Roach, at the rent of £200 per annum.

Ten years since, several public-spirited inhabitants instituted a suit in Chancery to enforce a fulfilment of the Founder's intent. The affair was referred to one of the Masters of the Court. The Trustees contended that the Founder's intention was merely to provide a School and Masters, but that, nevertheless, the scholars were to be instructed at their own expence. The Court has lately decreed, that it is a *Free Grammar School*: the only question now remaining to be decided, is as to the mode of admitting scholars, their number, and on what plan they shall be educated.

The NEW GAOL is a fabric which does honour to the Borough. It was commenced in 1805, in the Mayoralty of Wm. Goldson, Esq. in pursuance of a presentment by the Grand Jury on the inadequacy of the old building; where prisoners of every description formed one promiscuous throng; and at each quarter sessions, those for trial were led in fetters through the public market to the Court. Here prisoners are properly classed, and male and female kept separate. The good discipline, united with humanity, maintained by Mr. Hunt, the gaoler, and his late father, have obtained merited praise.—Over the Gaol are the commodious Sessions-Room, where the prisoners are brought up a staircase immediately from their cells into the body of the Court: also a Council-Chamber, and offices for the Town-Clerk, &c. &c.

In this street are also the spacious Stores of the Army Commissariat, and of several private inhabitants.

Note (k).—The MARINE BARRACKS (erected in 1613, for the King's Cooperage and Brewery, since removed to Weevil).—The Barracks have accommodations for 1,000 men, with their officers. A School has been some years established, and actively superintended by the Ladies of Major-General Williams's

family, for instructing the children of soldiers in useful learning and industrious habits, which has well repaid their benevolent exertions.

Note (*l*).—Behind St. Mary's-Street (anciently Colewort-Street) stood an ancient Convent, dedicated to St. Mary. Some remains of the building were since used as an Armory. Part of the Garden is now used as a Burying-Ground, principally for the Military; COLEWORT BARRACKS, a noble structure, are erected on part of the ground. Adjoining are the Barracks of the *Royal Artillery* and the *Waggon Train*, with an extensive range of Stables.

Note (*m*).—The CHAPEL of the '*People called Methodists*' is a spacious Building, erected in 1811; and affords sitting room for 1000 persons. Connected with it is a Sunday School, which at present affords instruction to 400 children: the ladies have also a commendable institution, called the *Female Friend Society*, to afford aid in cases of sickness and lying-in. The cost of the land and building amounted to between seven and eight thousand pounds.

At the PORTSMOUTH INSTITUTION 300 Poor Boys and Girls are educated in the principles of the *Established Church*. It is supported liberally by Subscription, and has been productive of much good. Over the school is an elegant room, let occasionally for assemblies, &c. the revenue so raised is applied in aid of the Institution. During the Winter, subscription Concerts are performed here, in the first stile of excellence, under the direction of Messrs. SIBLY.

Government-House.

Note (*n*).—The GOVERNMENT-HOUSE, anciently a Priory called *Domus Dei*, or *God's House*. The late General Sir Wm. Pitt, when Governor of Portsmouth, spent a considerable portion of his time here, and made great improvements in the building—as did also his predecessor, the Earl of Pembroke. Of late years, with the exception of the part appropriated to the residence of the Town-Major, it has been unoccupied. His late Majesty here held his Court, on his several visits to Portsmouth: as did his present Majesty, when we were honored with his presence, in company with the allied Sovereigns, in 1814.

The CHAPEL, now appropriated to the use of the Garrison, is almost the only vestige left of the ancient building. It has of late been thoroughly repaired, and the ceiling heightened.—The Chancel is built in the pointed Saxon stile, the grainings of the roof springing from pilasters supported by very ponderous mullions. The Altar Piece represents Moses and Aaron, in their pontifical robes, presenting the Tables of the Law. This was some few years since removed, under the idea that it concealed a *niche*, containing the insignia of the ancient Roman Altar. This was found not to be the case: but in a niche on the left side (now concealed by the wainscoting) was discovered the bason for the holy water, &c. The great window above is supported by plain pillars, with rounded capitals. The Governor's seat is adorned with a profusion of carving in wood; as are also several of the pews. On a medallion in front appears the gilt initial letters, A. R. Queen Anne bestowed the Communion Plate. The nave of the chapel is supported by ten octagonal pillars, from the capitals of which spring plain pointed arches, dividing this part of the building into three aisles. A single rib springs from mullions between each arch; some resembling roses; and one of them is an exact resemblance to a monk's head which is in the chancel of St. Thomas's Church. The roof of this part of the Chapel has lately been repaired: the ceiling raised three feet, and made flat. In the centre was formerly a fine Escutcheon of the Royal Arms—it has lately been removed into the Government-House. In this Chapel are interred the remains of many distinguished Officers, Naval and Military; whose mural monuments are worthy of notice; particularly those of the late Dr. Meik, Pysician to the Garrison, and Major-Gen. Whetham, who died while Lieut.-Governor of the Town; Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour, General Fisher, and several others.

Deed relating to the Hospital of DOMUS DEI, *of Portsmouth.*

"To all the Sons of Holy Mother Church, Master ALANUS DE STOKES, Deputy Archdeacon of Peter, Lord Bishop of Winchester, Greeting in the Lord.—

"Be it known to all, that every controversy argued before any Judges, between the Prior and Convent of Southwick on one part, and the Master and Brothers of the Hospital of God's House of Portsmouth on the other, concerning the jurisdiction of the Parish Church of Portsmouth, is amicably settled after this form before us:

"The said Prior and Convent agree, that in the aforesaid Hospital, Divine Service may be celebrated, according to the right of their Parish Church of Portsmouth, by two priests, as also by the Governor of the

Hospital, if he be a priest; and if any foreign priest visiting the same for the purpose of seeing kinsman or relation, shall wish, it shall be lawful for him to assist at the same; and they may have *two bells*, not exceeding the weight of the bells of the Mother Church, which shall ring at Matins, and Missals, and Vespers, and for the Dead. And after the bells of the new Mother Church have rung, the said Brothers shall not receive the Parishioners of Portsmouth to confession, nor to communion of the body of Christ, unless any sick person shall wish and particularly ask confession of any priest of the Hospital (the requisite consent of the parish priest being obtained, it shall not be denied him). They shall not receive any stranger to confession publicly in Lent, except the brothers, sisters, family, sick persons at the time, and inmates. Nevertheless if any stranger shall seek advice from any priest of the Hospital, it shall be lawful to receive him privately. Moreover on Sundays, and on the eight great festivals, namely, *the Birth-day of our Lord*, *the Epiphany*, *the Purification*, *the Assumption of the Blessed Mary*. *the Ascension of our Lord*, *the Birth-day of the Blessed Mary*, and *the Feasts of All Saints*, the Brothers of the aforesaid Hospital shall not receive the Parishioners of Portsmouth. If, however, it shall happen, that any of the aforesaid Parishioners shall come to hear divine service on the aforesaid festivals, or on Sundays, at the aforesaid Hospital, they shall be admitted, and their offering, if any be brought, shall be restored whole and entire to the Mother Church, under the penalty hereunder expressed, unless the said Parishioners shall first have made satisfaction to the aforesaid Mother Church.

"Moreover it shall *not* be lawful for any one of the said Hospital to enter ships, or give Benediction, or read the Gospel or beg alms after reading it, the Gospel being read and rites performed by the Chaplain of the Mother Church. Moreover the aforesaid Canons agree, that the Hospital shall have a Cemetery for the Brothers and also for the Sisters of the said Hospital, and for families and poor persons and others dying in the said Hospital: but we mean Brothers and Sisters after this reading:—those who have put on the same habit, and have put it off, or those who have bequeathed their estates to the said Hospital. Nevertheless, if any stranger shall chuse to be interred at the said hospital, it shall be lawful for them to receive them, provided the body shall be first carried to the Mother Church, and mass celebrated there. And be it known, that it becomes the Parishioners of Portsmouth to leave their first legacy to the Mother Church, and the Parish Priest should hold the Will of the Parishioners safe from loss; not that the Mother Church will suffer by this concession, the brothers of the said hospital shall pay to the Mother Church every year for ever twenty shillings sterling, at the four quarters of the year, namely, five shillings at the *Feast of St. Michael*, five shillings at the *Circumcision of our Lord*, at the *Passover* five shillings, and at the *Feast of St. John the Baptist* five shillings: and for the greater security the said brothers have taken their corporal oaths, the Evangelists being touched; bound themselves under a stipulated penalty, to wit, forty shillings to be paid to the Prior and Convent, if any crime be committed; but if after the sinning against this Canon Law they shall not give satisfaction within eight days, the sin committed is acquitted without contradiction to the said Prior and Convent.

"And that all these things may be understood on the part of the Prior and Convent, this Deed is executed in the first year after the decea e of Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and in testimony of which the parties present have strengthened the Deed with their seals; and we, the Lord Bishop of Winchester being absent, by his authority, confirm and sign our seal, together with the signet of Master B. Archive of the same place.—These being the Witnesses, Master A. de Eblesburn, Master R.—Canon;

Master J. Walingford, R. Deacon of Winchester, W. Capel, Deacon, and many others.

The Cemetery here mentioned is now that part of the Grand Parade which fronts the Building; in the forming of which and laying the foundation of the new works, a few years since, a large quantity of bones were disturbed. The present house has attached to it some large gardens, and every requisite convenience, hot house, &c. In one of the gardens is a mulberry tree split in a very remarkable manner. From an old copper-plate view of Portsmouth, I find that the turret at the corner of the Government House has not been altered for at least 200 years, indeed from its situation and appearance it seems probable that it formed part of the Ancient Priory.

The Church.

Note (*o*)—The CHURCH of *St. Thomas* is in the form of a Latin Cross: the extreme length, 112 feet; the Chancel in width, 44 feet. The nave and body are adorned with eight elegant Doric pillars, supporting some beautiful arches; the two connecting the transepts being larger and higher than the others. The roof is arched, and decorated with bold and elegant cornices.—On the centre of the largest circles appear shields, one bearing the date of the erection, 1698; the other the initials M. T. B. probably those of the architects; and on the one connecting the chancel, the arms of the town of Portsmouth. The northern transept retains traces of the ancient Saxon arches, both on the walls and in the disposition of the windows; it is also much larger than the Southern; and, both from the internal and external part of the building, I think it probable that it was not disturbed in the great alterations in 1692. The front is of great antiquity, adorned with quatre-foils and coats of arms, or rather shields.

With the exception of the flat ceiling, which from the stile of the ornaments round the suspension hooks of the chandeliers, I should think were added at the time of building the body of the church, the chancel appears nearly in the same state as when founded by *Peter de Rupibus.* It consists of a large and two small aisles, which are divided by ten clustered Saxon pillars, with corresponding pilasters in the side walls, no two of which correspond; some being foliated, some adorned with lozenges, some having square, others rounded

capitols. Two of the pillars on which the tower anciently rested still remain, and afford beautiful examples of the clustered stile. From the pillars spring the arches in the pointed form of architecture, consisting of clustered ribs; while every second pillar is connected by the rib of a large circular one. Between the last mentioned arches, project foliated corbels; the centre one supported on two curious figures of monks' heads, with cowls on, and the hands elevated; the countenance expressive of pain from the superincumbent weight. From the corbels rise elegant clustered pilasters with square capitals; and from the traces still discernible in the walls, I have no doubt but the upper part of the building was adorned with large circular arches, and that the clustered pilasters served to support the groinings of the ancient roof in the same stile as in the side aisles.

The windows in this part of the church and the great West window are ornamented with pillars and pilasters corresponding with those below; and previous to the ceiling being made, there was a circular, or what is termed a St. Catharine's window above. It is to be regretted that in the repairs of late years attention had not been paid to the general stile which pervades, instead of loading the shafts of the pillars with such heavy masonry, which does no credit to the eighteenth century. I hope the hint will not be lost in any future repairs.

Of the *Monumental Ornaments*, the first which claims attention is that of the *Duke of Buckingham*, assassinated in this town in the reign of Charles I. It consists of an urn, said to contain his heart; surmounted by a Phœnix; below are two figures of marble as large as life; on each side pyramids of warlike implements; and above are the arms and coronet of the house of Buckingham, supported by angels. The epitaph below describes the manner and time of his death.

On the left side of the above appears the monument of *Sir C. Blunt*, composed of variegated marble, adorned with a profusion of military emblems, sculptured in the most delicate manner.—Above, appears the figure of the warrior, kneeling at an altar.—I particularly recommend this to notice, the sculpture being so extremely delicate and beautiful; not only that of the figure itself, but also of the military emblems, ancient armour, &c. with which the sides of the monument are decorated. The Epitaph in old English is a lengthened detail of his life.

On the opposite side is the monument of *Sir G. Kempthorn*; and in the right and left aisles several monuments and tombs of

variegated marble, well worthy attention; particularly that of *Sir H. Willoughby*, adorned with some bold and excellent sculpture of his armorial bearings. A number of fine mural monuments are also placed above the capitals of the arches of the centre.

The Organ, a remarkable fine instrument, was erected by subscription in 1718. The Church is matted throughout, warmed with stoves, and, with the elegant arrangement of the chandeliers, the reading-desk, &c. cannot fail of exciting admiration.

In the register of this church is preserved the marriage entry of Charles the Second, finely illuminated, as follows:

"*Our most Gracious Sovereign Lord* CHARLES *the* SECOND, "*by the grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland,* "*Defender of the Faith, &c. and the most illustrious Princess* "DONNA CATARINA, *Infanta of Portugal, Daughter to the de-* "*ceased Don Juan the Fourth, and sister to the present Don* "*Alphonso, King of Portugal, were married at Portsmouth,* "*upon Thursday, the two-and-twentieth day of May, in the* "*year of our Lord God* 1662, *being in the fourteenth year of* "*His Majesty's reign; by the Right Rev. Father in God,* "*Gilbert, Lord Bishop of London, Dean of His Majesty's* "*Chapel Royal, in the presence of several of the Nobility of* "*His Majesty's Dominions and of Portugal.*"

Many have been the benefactors to this church. We may enumerate *Thos. Eynolf*, an inhabitant, who left a sum of money for its reparation; several of the Governors, and more particularly King JAMES II. who bequeathed a service of Communion Plate, in the year 1687, amounting to one hundred and eighteen ounces.

Previous to the erection of the Tower in 1702, a narrow buttress at the corner of the southern transept, served for a Bellfry. It was opened, a few years since, and was found to consist of a circular staircase, with two narrow passages to the summit.—Since this examination it has been used as a Bone-house. The Clock has been placed in the tower about 34 years; previous to its erection the windows of the bellfry were much larger than at present.

The Church Yard, which contains many fine tombs, was enclosed by brick walls in 1645, as is made evident from a

square stone bearing that date, with the name of the architect, Steven Wheller, in Red Lion Lane. The Gates and brick piers were erected in 1768. There is a fine row of elms on the Northern side; and formerly also on the Eastern; till the Church-wardens, some ten or twelve years ago, rather from whim than any other cause, had them felled. My father has, however, since caused another row to be planted, which are thriving rapidly.

At the extremity of the Chancel (which is the property of the College of Winchester) still appears the mutilated remains of the Cross.

In an engraving published by the Society of Antiquaries, from the tapestry of Cowdry-House, the Church of St. Thomas is represented with its square tower. It appears as a cluster of monastic buildings, with turrets at the angles. I have no doubt but that the turrets still existing at the southern transept are those of the ancient building.

The Point

May be considered as an integral part of the town. It consists of one large, and well-built street, called *Broad-Street*; in which, and in *Bath-Square*, are the offices and stores of the principal Ship-Agents, Brokers, &c. and many excellent Inns and Taverns, of which may be particularly noticed the *Blue Posts*, adjoining the well known Coach and Waggon Offices; the *Star and Garter*, close to the establishment of Messrs. Lindegren, Agents to the East India Company; and the *Quebec Tavern*, in the Square, which is the chief rendezvous for the Isle of Wight and Havre Packets.—There are also several streets of inferior note.

Here is situated the Custom-House, erected in 1785, a large and commodious building, on the north side; it is under the direction of the usual officers, and has attached to it several fast-sailing vessels denominated by the Smugglers "the terror of the English sea."

This part of the town is admirably situated for commerce, being surrounded by the water; to which most of the houses have comunication. The part where the merchant Vessels lay, is termed *The Camber*, and has the advantage of an excellent *Quay*, communicating both with Portsmouth by the Quay Gates, and with Portsea by a road passing along the edge of the Moat, by the King's Mill and Gunwharf.

The Fortifications.

" This earth of majesty—this seat of Mars:
" This fortress, formed by Nature for herself
" Against infection and the hand of War."
SHAKSPEARE.

" The land I ween, on the Est syde,
" Streaches a greate way in the tyde;
" It rennith farther and 'tis beste
" Then lyest the tounne on the West;
" Whyle at the Poynt lyes Portesmuth toun,
" And great round tourre of renown,
" Double in strenkith and quantité
" Then what on t'other syde doth lay;
" Whyle stretchet from each the myghty chayne
" Of yron cleaves the rolling mayne.
" Portesmuth is mured to give it strenkith,
" From the Est tourre a forough length,
" With tymbre arm'd, a muddy waulle,
" Peaces of ordnance, great and small,
" Of yron formed and brass. We trace,
" Renning South-Est about a space,
" The Waulle and Diche; then Est awhile
" It goes about the town a mile.
" The tymbre gate, at Northern end,
" Diched hilles of erth and gunnes defende."

Such was the state when *Lelande* wrote
Of guardian rampart, gate, and moat.

Now round the town, in all the pomp of war,
The massy frowning battlements appear;
While the deep fosse, extending wide and far,
To a long tedious siege may boldly dare
Opposing armies. Still the ponderous chain
Stretches its links enormous 'neath the main,

Across the haven ; where, to guard the port,
In awful grandeur, frowns the ancient Fort.
The Round Tower still the island shore commands—
(On Block-house fort the curtain battery stands)—
The water gate—the forts in lengthened line—
Thy arch-way, *James* !—thy lofty turrets shine !—
The landing-place—the magazine appear—
Platform and battery their bulwarks rear ;
Where the memorials of our fame are placed,
Th' admired cannon which *l'Impeteux* graced,
When, on famed *First of June*, our valiant Howe
Taught the foul fiend of Anarchy to bow ;
Made the green seas incarnadine with blood,
And o'er the haughty foe in glory stood.

From hence a language pantomimic flows,
Whose sense each flag of various colour shows ;
The curious *Semaphore* detains awhile,
And pleasing chamber might the time beguile.

Now towr'ds the East the battlements extend,
(Edged with a shattered row of elms, which bend
Obedient to the stormy blast,) to where
The sacred flag of *Union* floats in air ;
The *Hot-wall* Battery—the ample Moat,
Where vessels oft, in Anna's reign, might float.
Beneath, in vaulted store, extending far,
Securely rest the implements of war.

Advancing tow'rds the North, we now draw near
Where the majestic elms their summits rear
In all the forest pride, removed away
Safe from the ocean's rude destructive spray.
Here oft, in summer eve, the martial band
Swell the harmonious concert, at command :
While from each deep recess, extending round,
Redoubling echoes swell the lofty sound.

Where onward the extending Ramparts spread,
The giant Gate-way rears its dome-crowned head
In strength immense—the Bridge ; on either side
The bands of warriors constantly abide,
To guard the first great entrance of the town,
Unbar the gate, and let the draw-bridge down.
Now Westward to the port our course we bend,
And at the busy *Quay* our journey end ;
Where the high arch in just proportion shines,
And crowns the circling walk, the spacious lines ;
While ancient walls along the haven side,
Of lofty height, defy the rolling tide.
During this pleasing walk, we've passed o'er ground
Whose length a mile and quarter will be found.

Their Rise and Progress.

Edward the Fourth, to guard the port,
Raised on each side a massy fort—
The Round-Tower on our island's sands ;
The other where the battery stands
At Blockhouse Fort. The former still
Graces the spot he chose so well.
Scarce was the goodly work begun,
When lo ! the Monarch's race was run.
Tyrannic Richard liked the place,
And caused the work advance apace ;
And Seventh Henry, mighty name !
Great founder of our naval fame,
And his famed son, in wars with France,
Still farther bade the works advance.
Elizabeth, all gracious Queen,
Founded the battlements now seen,

And, first of England's royal race
In prudence, garrisoned the place.
From Second Charles, of witty note,
Arose the lower gate and moat,
The wide stretched lines, the lofty towers,
The bastions, ravelins, and spurs ;
And Second James increased the town,
First to rebel against his crown.
Third William sent a message down,
For monies to improve the town,
Which was by Parliament supplied,
And to improvements vast applied.

To guard the spacious Dock from foes
On the land-side, at length arose
The works which *Portsea* town inclose.
These finished, at immense expense,
Were thought to be complete defence :
'Till modern Engineers contended
The massy works should be extended.
I wish a small estate of mine
Had chanced to fall within the line.

The CHAIN anciently used to defend the Harbour's entrance, still lies on the beach below the Old Sally-port. In an old engraving of Portsmouth, in my possession, there appears to have been a considerable embankment on the sea side of the Round-Tower.

It has long been a matter of regret that some more appropriate situation cannot be found for the King's Slaughter-house. This part of the garrison is undoubtedly the least defended. The late General Fisher, whose improvements round these towns will be long remembered with gratitude, had conceived a plan for removing it to some part of the Point, near the Harbour side, where there would be a strong current. Could this be effected, a Promenade might be obtained equal to any in the kingdom; the strength of the fortress be materially increased by a continuance

of the Platform Battery; and a landing place might be made, worthy the first sea-port of the kingdom—on this last point we have much to wish for. This part of the lines appears to have been erected at the same time as the Point Gates; on each side of which appear ancient batteries, covering chambers, the windows of which have been closed up.

On the PLATFORM BATTERY, which commands a magnificent sea view, has lately been erected a *Semaphore*, being an improved contrivance for making Telegraphic Signals. There is also a fine Sun-Dial. The Signal-House on this Bastion was erected in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears from the date 1569, in a nook by the flag-staff: adjoining is the State Chamber, on a marble slab over the door of which appears this inscription, "*Carolus II. an. reg.* xxxiiii. A. D. 1682." The Chamber has been lately used for a *Naval and Military Reading-Room*: on its site anciently stood a semi-circular Tower, from the foot of which to the situation of the Hot-wall Battery was an arm of the sea, reaching up to the Government-House, and communicating with the Moats, which were thus filled on every flow of the tide; but by the erection of the new works, it has been inclosed, and the sea shut out by a sluice.—In the situation of the *Queen's Bastion* was formerly a raveline, surmounted by a turret corresponding with that on the Ancient Platform.

In the colonade of fine elms, which commence at Fourhouse Bastion, and extend the whole length of the ramparts, a family of rooks have lately taken their abode. On the southern side of the Battery opposite King's Terrace, is inscribed in large letters "*W. Legge*, 1679," probably the date of the repairs in the reign of Charles II. when £6,937 were granted by the Parliament for improving the works. William III. also made additions; and since 1770, many others have been completed, at a vast expence. Under the direction of the late Major-Gen. Fisher, the works were new fronted with stone for a considerable distance, and a communication made between the Mill-dam and the Portsmouth Moats, by means of a fosse by the side of the London Road. The Moats are now under repair, by narrowing and deepening the trenches: the waters abound with eels, as they formerly did with mullet.

Before the erection of the present Quay-Gate, about 60 years since, the entrance on that side was through an opening in the wall, 12 feet southward towards the Cage, traces of which may be still discerned. Between the Quay and Point Gates, is an ancient Bastion, with circular port-holes, commanding the opening between the town and the Point. In front appears in fine bold sculpture '*J. R.* 1687;' not having been disturbed in the new arrangements. It is now used for an Ordnance Store.

The Corporation.

Mind where you tread,
For every step you take is on enchanted ground.
SHAKSPEARE.

The Poet Dantē strives to shew,
That, in the Stygian realms below,
Those who in life, when troubles shake,
Their country's dearest rights at stake,
Calmly look on, or neuter stand,
While Party rears her potent wand,
Shall be despised, abused, abhorred,
And every vulgar ghost his Lord.
I little fear such hideous pest—
'Tis but a poet's threat at best.
My humble wish, through life to glide
On Friendship's calm, unruffled tide.
"——'s a Tory," yet who can
Say the world knows a better man?
——'s a steady Whig—but he
Is one of tried integrity.
On either hand, lo! friendships beam!
This claims my honour, that esteem;
And strife political would end
In alienation of each friend.
Uninfluenced by Whig or Tory,
Historic facts compose my story.

But this my ardent wish, I trust
Throbs in each British heart—it must—
The throne upheld by strongest tie,
Th' united people's amity;
The Nobles each to honor true—
They'll find a model, G——, in you!
Our yeomen gen'rous, bold, and free,
Inclined to acts of charity;
Our peasantry a hardy race,
Contented in their humble place;
Rebellion—discord's fiery brand,
Ne'er gleaming o'er th' affrighted land;
Plenty and peace, on every side,
In one continued, bounteous tide.
Then shall our native country rise
Like Phœnix from the sacrifice:
Britain, her foes to ruin hurled,
Again the envy of the world!

'Twas first a *Borough* town proclaimed
By *Cœur de Lion* Richard famed;
Who also pleased our annual Fair
Upon St. Peter's day declare,
For fifteen days in every year.
But since sage men have changed the stile,
It happens later by a while;
A weekly Market they might hold,
And oft at Quarter Sessions scold;
Free from all postage, suits, and tallage,
From County Courts, also from stallage.
The vaccilating John thought fit
To change his predecessor's writ:—
"Let them enjoy the wholesome laws
"Of our dear Brother, save this clause—

Richard himself each cause would try;
But we appoint a Deputy.
Henry the Third each act confirmed
To our "dear men of Portesmuth" termed;
And soon a Second Charter came,
When '*probis*' raised the city's fame.
A Third inimitable act of grace
A guild of merchants gave the place,
With privileges, bounteous store,
Ne'er held by our "good men" before;
But growing in power overbold,
"That Justice here her Court might hold,"
The yeomen prayed 'twould Henry please
Bid some wise Judge come hear the pleas.
"Agreed," the Monarch cried, "so they
"Yearly three casks of claret pay."
'Twas Edward, Scotland's deadly foe,
Who laid the gallant Wallace low,
First called two *Members* up to Town,
In *Parliament* to sit them down.
When Ned the Third o'er English bands
Had ruled him fifteen years,
This town was seized into his hands,
For taxes long arrears.
Not answering to the legal writs,
The townsfolk kept aloof:
Poor souls, how scared their honest wits!
How dreaded the reproof.
At length, by supplication moved,
And half a mark the fine,
"Be free again, my well-beloved—
"*Witness this hand of mine.*"
By letters patent, bearing date
Windsore, where dwelt the regal state,

Edward the Second and the Third,
And Ned the Fourth, not much revered,
Richard the Second, treason's tool,
And Dick the Third, ambition's fool,
Confirmed each Charter, act and deed,
Which John or Richard had decreed.
When Edward the First appeared on the scene,
By Burgesses stern, in number thirteen,
And the Mayor, were the Members elected:
And how 'neath Sixth Edward did townsmen rejoice,
When he, as electors, to them gave a voice,
And the men in this form were selected!
Elizabeth, to add some weight
Against Nobility's estate,
Said—"Let the Body Corporate bear
"The title Burgesses and Mayor,
"And choose true men, devoid of guile,
"Our peace to keep within the isle."
First Charles, on reaching English ground,
Dispensed his favours freely round;
Confirmed each privilege they held before,
Improved on some, and granted many more:
But, most unhappy for the town, he came,
And bade electors bear a different name—
Mayor, Burgess, Aldermen—Alas!
Such royal mandate e'er should pass!
In sixteen hundred, sixty-two,
Charles, to his own dear interest true,
Gave Gosport to their jurisdiction,
And scarlet robes, without restriction,
To Aldermen and gracious Mayor.
Relinquishing th' Augustal Fair,
Persuasion's baited hooks he cast
(The *ratting* Members turned at last,)

Obtained the Charter of the town,
Framed one congenial to the crown :
By which he might, with *fief rout*,
Turn each unruly Member out.
Thus trembling stood the unstable pile,
Like favorite on princely smile ;
'Till *Kingsley*, once again restored
First Charles's Act from *Goigne's* hoard,
By which to rule the sister towns,
Nor claim from Second Charles, save gowns.
'Till the *Convention Parliament*,
The Corporation Members sent ;
But then the Common Folk enacted
Their part—though it was soon retracted,
And Mayor and Aldermen again,
With Burgesses, select the men.

Had I the force of Pindar's pen,
To paint the foibles of great men,
Then might I shew how party rage
Disturbed the peace of later age ;
What traits of humour might I draw,
How hold up many a little flaw ;
How shew the garbled Corporation
A prey to lengthened litigation :
How now the Opposition rose,
Then sunk beneath their stronger foes ;
How oft appeared Election *Rout*,
And *Quo warrantos* flew about ;
How, oft the Member took his seat,
And oft was driven to retreat ;
How, from St. Thomas tower high,
Was stretched the ardent watchful eye,

The earliest glimpse of him to get,
The bearer of the Court Gazette ;
But when 'twas opened, how dismay
O'erturned each project of the day !
How tasselled Corporation Gown
Full ninety-five *per cent.* came down,
When he who filled the civic chair
Found he'd no longer business there.
Burgesses, Aldermen, *en route*,
Full sixty-three were tumbled out.
Now disappointment, fury fired,
And lawyers bold, with hope inspired—
" Your cause you'll gain—I'm positive
" The Judge for you must verdict give."
For once, the prophecy was true,
As the petitioners soon knew—
For shortly came official deed,
And twenty-nine were out decreed ;
Then did the almost civil war
Leave the fair Borough *sans* a Mayor,
For nine ensuing years—'till death
Stopped the confusion with the breath
Of Linzee--Varloe—Tories hearty ;
And henceforth reigned the *Country Party.**

To descant on more more modern times
Will never suit my cautious rhymes.
Would it be politic in me
To scan where others disagree ?
You'll find, if scenes like these you note,
He, who to-day would cut your throat,
To-morrow sings in other note.
Therefore will I, for friendship's sake,
Ne'er risk opinion on this stake.

* The *Country Party* was the appellation used in those days to designate the Whig Party ; in opposition to the Ministerial, or *Court Party.*

CHARTER of King RICHARD the First to the Burgh of Portesmuth.

RICHARD, by the Grace of God, King of England, &c. &c. to the Arch-Bishops, &c. &c and all the loving subjects of all our territory, GREETING.——*Know, that we retain in our hand our Boro' of Portesmuth, with all that thereunto appertaineth, and in it we establish, give, and grant, a Fair, to endure once in every year, for fifteen days, (to wit) from the Feast of St. Peter. We also grant, that all our loving subjects of England, &c. and of all our territories, and of others, may come to the aforesaid Fair, and may go and return well and in peace, and may have all the free customs and liberties which they have at the Fairs of Winton and Hoyland, or any where else in our territories. Moreover we grant our Burgesses in the said Borough shall have in every week in the year one day (to wit,* Thursday) *for a Market, with all the liberties and free customs which the citizens of Winton or Oxford, or others in our territory have, or ought to have. Moreover we grant, that our Town of Portesmuth, and all our Burgesses holding in and of it, shall be free from Toll and Bridge Toll, and Stallage and Tullage, and from County Courts and Hundred Courts, and from Summonses and from Juries, and from Fines for Blood, and from Sichwita, and from Mulcts, and from the Wapentake Court, and from Forest Writ and Forest Guard, and from Regardership of Forest, and from all other Secular Exactions as well by Sea as by Land, wherever they shall come in all our territories. Moreover we command and firmly ordain, that the aforesaid Town of Portesmuth, and our Burgesses holding in it, shall have and hold their Houses and Possessions with Market Toll, and privilege to take Bondmen, and liberty to try Thieves taken within the Boro,' and to take Thieves which have fled, bring them back, try and judge them, and with all the liberties and free customs again well in peace, freedom, and quiet, as our citizens of Winton, or Oxford, or others in our territory have; and hold their possessions and liberties more free, better, or quiet; and we forbid that they shall be impleaded concerning any tenure of the said town, unless before us; and we forbid lest any one disturb them.*

Given under the hand of William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, our Chancellor, near Portsmouth, on the second day of May, in the fifth year of our reign,

These being Witnesses:—

William, Priest of St. Mary. Master Phus. William de Stagno. William Mallum. Ganfred, the son of Peter. Robert, the son of Roger.

The Charter of King *John* is nearly in the same words, except towards the end, which runs thus—"And we forbid that they shall be impleaded concerning any tenure of the said town, unless before us or our *Lord Chief Justice*. Given under the hand of Simon, Archdeacon of Wells, near Melksham, the 25th day of October, in the second year of our reign."

The Charter of *Henry* III. in 1230, is like the others, except using the term '*our Men of Portesmuth*,' instead of '*Burgesses*.'—His *second* Charter, in 1255, is merely a confirmation

of the first; and his *third*, in 1256, grants to the '*honest men* of Portesmuth' a Gild of Merchants, with certain privileges as to the arrest of themselves or their goods, not enjoined before.

The Charters of *Edward* II. in 1313; of *Edward* III. in 1359; of *Richard* II. in 1385; of *Edward* IV. in 1463; of *Richard* III. in 1484; contain nothing particular, being merely confirmations of former grants. *Elizabeth*, in 1600, after the usual declaration and governed statement, that the Borough was by a Mayor, Bailiffs, Constables, &c. gave them a power of electing Justices of the Peace, and that the Corporation should be stiled '*Mayor and Burgesses.*'

Charles I. after the usual stiles, &c. states "The Boro' of Portesmuth, in the County of Southampton, is an ancient Boro', and the Burgesses, Freemen, and inhabitants thereof, sometimes called 'Honest Men of Portesmuth,' sometimes 'Men of Portesmuth,' sometimes 'Burgesses of Portesmuth,' afterwards 'Mayor and Burgesses of the Borough of Portesmuth,' shall henceforth be known and called by the name of *Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses*; shall have a common Seal *(the same which is placed at the head of this Section)*; shall make Bye-laws, impose Fines, have power to create a Deputy Mayor; shall hold a Court of Record every week (except the Festivals of Easter-Week, Whitsuntide, and Christmas,) to be holden before the Mayor and Recorder, and four Aldermen; shall hold Court-Leet, and view of Frank Pledge, twice a year; shall elect Justices of the Peace; shall have a Town Gaol and Town-Clerk, who is to be Clerk of the Market; shall choose two Serjeants at Mace; the Mayor shall have the goods and chattels of felons; to be free of toll; the inhabitants not to be summoned to Assizes at Winchester; shall have a Guild of Merchants; shall have a Fair at St. Peter's Day, for fourteen days; may weave Broad Cloth and Kerseys; may hold manors, messuages, and lands; shall pay an annual rent of £12. 10s. 6d. to the Court of Exchequer; shall enjoy all the privileges of preceding Letters of Incorporation or Charters."

This Charter continued in full force till 1682, when the Corporation surrendered it, and received the following from *Charles the Second*:—"That the Borough of Portesmuth and the Town of Gosport shall be a Free Borough, by the title of *Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses* of the said Borough; one of the more honest and discreet Aldermen to be Mayor; twelve of the Burgesses to be elected Aldermen for life, besides the Mayor;

the Aldermen to be the Council for the said Borough; that the Corporation, or the major part of them (of whom the Mayor and Recorder to be always two), shall have full power to make bye-laws, and to impose fines on all delinquents against such laws; may impose a fine of £10 on him who shall refuse to undertake the office of Mayor or Alderman; that the Mayor, in case of absence or sickness, may appoint a Deputy; the Mayor to be Clerk of the Market; that the Mayor, &c. &c. may be removed at the will and pleasure of the Crown; that the Mayor and successors may keep a Fair for every year for ever, for fourteen days from the Feast of St. Peter; that they should relinquish a Fair held on the 1st of August; that the Corporation shall have free passage from Portsmouth to Gosport, or to Ryde; and shall have the liberty of maintaining vessels to transport persons, goods, or merchandize." —*This Charter remained in force till* 1688, *when* Colonel Kingsley *discovered that the Charter of Charles I. had not been duly surrendered; consequently the more recent one became void.*

In 1695, in consequence of a Petition from *Matthew Aylmer*, against the return of Colonel John Gibson (then Lieut.-Governor of the town), the House of Commons resolved, "*That the right of Election for Burgesses to serve in Parliament for this Borough, is in the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the said Borough* ONLY."

During the last century contests were frequent between the two parties in the Corporation—the one, under the patronage of the *Earl of Sandwich*, supporting the influence of the Board of Admiralty—the other, of which Messrs. *Carter and White* were leaders, supporting the opposite interest. The several decisions of the House of Commons and the Court of King's Bench gave the preponderance in turn to each party: but the points at issue were entirely matters of form in the election of the Mayors or Representatives, and not at all involving the extension of the elective franchise: the decision of the House in 1695, and the subsequent law called the *Grenville Act*, having permanently settled that question.

In the present Session (1820) a petition was presented to the House of Commons by Vice-Admiral *Sir Geo. Cockburn*, K.C.B. one of the Lords of the Admiralty, against the return of Admiral *John Markham*, on the ground that certain Aldermen and Burgesses had been improperly allowed to vote for him, they *not being resident within the Borough*. After a patient investigation

during five days, Lord *Clive*, Chairman of the Committee, made their report to the House, declaring *Admiral Markham* to be *duly elected*, but that the Petition was neither frivolous nor vexatious.—The Speaker's writ, in consequence of this decision, has been received, as follows:—

"*Lunæ 5 die Junii*, 1820.

"WHEREAS *the Select Committee appointed to try the merits of the Petition of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, complaining of an undue election and return for the Borough of Portsmouth, have this day reported to the House of Commons, that it appeareth to the said Commmittee that the merits of the Petition did in part depend upon the Right of Election, and therefore the Committee requested the counsel on both sides to deliver to the clerk of the Committee statements in writing of the right of Election for them respectively contended. That in consequence thereof the Counsel for the Petitioner delivered in a statement, as follows*—'That the Right of Voting in the Borough of Portsmouth, as contended for by the Petitioner, was in the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the said Borough, being resident within the said Borough, or the limits and liberties thereof;' *that the Counsel for the Sitting Member delivered in a statement, as follows*—'That the right of election of Burgesses to serve in Parliament for the Borough of Portsmouth, is in the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses ONLY.' *That upon the statement delivered in by the counsel of the said Petitioner, the said Committee have determined, that the Right of Election, as set forth in the said statement, is* NOT *the Right of Election for the Borough of Portsmouth, in the County of Southampton: and that upon the statement delivered in by the counsel for the Sitting Member, the said Committee have determined, that the right of election, as set forth by the said statement is the Right of Election for the said Borough of Portsmouth;*—

"*I do do hereby give you Notice, in pursuance of the direction of an Act made in the 28th year of his late Majesty King George the Third, entitled 'An Act for the further regulation of the merits of controverted returns and elections of Members to serve in Parliament.' Given under my hand this 5th day of June.*

"GEORGE MANNERS SUTTON."

"*To the Returning-Officer of the Borough of Portsmouth.*"

THE

Town of Portsea.

Mirantur portem....Magalia quondam;
Miratur portus, strepitumque et strata viarum.
Æneid. lib. i.

As the proud walls of Thebes renowned
Arose at heavenly music's sound,
When Amphion seized his golden lyre,
And swept the strings with magic fire;
Or as the Eastern *Genie's* power
Called forth Aladdin's Hall and Tower;
So, from the rude and sterile earth,
Sprung this fair city into birth.*
First Architecture came to grace
With piles magnificent the place;
By her just rules rose mansions high
On every side extensively—
Tower and cupola—vast Hall—
Chapel, and Gate, and Rampart Wall.
Next Commerce rose—her orders spread
To each fair realm o'er ocean's bed.
With radiant smile
She bade explore
Each foreign shore,
To deck with choicest gems her favorite's head.
Then Industry and tasteful Arts abound,
And Plenty spread her copious stream around.

* The Town of Portsea now covers what was, within the last century, an extended waste, and was till the passing of the Paving Act, 1792, generally known by the name of *Portsmouth Common*. The first part built was what are called 'the New Buildings,' at the farther extremity, where was formerly the entrance to the Dock-yard. During the American War the town increased with wonderful rapidity, and now exceeds Portsmouth in extent and population.

To guard the spacious town from foes,
Encircling ramparts soon arose.
Two giant Gates the lines adorn—
The ' *Lion*,' and the ' *Unicorn*,'—
See each by fairest sculpture graced,
High o'er the ponderous arch-way placed !
Bridge, bastion, moat, and raveline,
In strength and beauty, deck the scene.†
As the fair town's importance grew,
'Twas paved throughout in *ninety-two* ;
And now appears our Sister-Town,
In wealth, in honor, and renown ;
In rank possessing equal station
Under the Borough Corporation.
In *Queen-Street*, see the busy throng,
Like foaming torrent sweep along,
Where splendid shops and mart invite
The smaller streamlets to unite :
Well does the many-peopled tide
The North from Southern town divide.

On the North Side, two well built streets adorn
The lofty names of *King* and *Unicorn* ;
Two others near at hand their titles took
From brave *Prince George*, and *Cumberland's* great Duke,

† The Fortifications were begun in 1770, and present a line, for strength and beauty, equal to any in the kingdom. They are faced with stone as high as the parapet ; the dikes are large and deep, and are connected with the Portsmouth Works by a lake termed the Mill-Pond. Within the lines are several large open Parade Grounds : one of them was lately occupied by temporary Barracks for 1200 men—which (excepting the Military Hospital) have been pulled down, since the Peace, and the ground cleared.

Farther north is *the Laboratory*, an extensive establishment in the *Ordnance Department*, with Residences for the principal officers.—At the other extremity, is the *Royal Engineer's Office*, with Stores adjoining, built on ground made on the border of an arm of the sea, over the mouth of which stands the *King's Mill*, erected by the Victualling Department, at an expence of £7,000.

These, at right-angles, others intersect—
To name them all you cannot, sure, expect.
Take *Daniel*, *North*, and *Cross* Streets—*Chapel*-Row—
Love-Lane and *Catherine's*—then onward go
To the fair district we New *Buildings* call
(So did our grand-sires), under the Dock-Wall.
On the South Side, in equi-distant lines,
As in some park the rows of stately pines,
Hawke, *Havant*, *Hanover*, and *Union* Street,
St. James—and *Bishop's*, which th' *Old Rope-walk* meet:
In line with which is found the busy hive,
Where Israel's sons their various traffic drive,
And many a gazing passenger is caught
With treasures rich as those from Egypt brought.
Passing the narrow street for *Butchers* famed,
We reach the neat and spacious area, named
From great *St. George*—behold his Chapel here!—
And farther south, a section will appear,
Hight *Britain*-Street, which lanes and courts divide—
Its gardens skirted by the mill-stream tide.
Nor must we here omit the *Portsea Hard*,
A noble terrace, near to the Dock-Yard,
From whence the Port, where Britain's bulwarks lie,
And boats for ever passing, greet the eye.
Here loyalty, on high, in gothic shrine,
Has caused our late illustrious Queen to shine.

'Twas when the elder Ladies cried
"To church we cannot go,
"The day's so very wet—and ride
"We can't afford, you know;—
"To Kingston is a tedious mile,
"So slopping too the way,

" That when we reach the middle aisle,
" No mood have we to pray,"
Subscription first went briskly round,
Each suited to his means donation,
And Corporation gave the land
For Church to Champion of our nation.*

Ere long the holy Chapel of *St. John* ‡
Upreared in proud magnificence its bulk
Corinthian—the high soaring tower,
The noble cupola, and surmounting cross;
And who its rich interior can view,
The massy column, the acanthus pure,
The bold entablature, the fretted roof,
The glittering chandelier, the organ grand,
The marble altar of communion,
And the impressive lessons of our faith,
But awful thoughts must to his soul arise,
And rivet him in reverential awe?

Near this the Chapel of the *Roman Faith*,
In plain and elegant simplicity,

* The Chapel of *St. George* is a handsome edifice, built in the Corinthian stile, with a very large Venetian window over the Communion Table. The roof is supported by four handsome columns. It contains a fine toned Organ, and the accommodations are very complete. The Rev. R. H. Cumyns has filled the Curacy for many years past. The congregation is both numerous and respectable.

‡ The Chapel of *St. John* situate in *Prince George's Street*, may be reckoned one of the finest in the kingdom. It was consecrated by the Bishop of Winchester, in 1789. Any person visiting Portsmouth should not fail of viewing it—description cannot do it justice. The Altar is placed in a semicircular recess, separated from the body of the Chapel by a screen of fluted Corinthian pillars. The seats are all finished with mahogany. The magnificent Organ, under the scientific hand of Mr. E. Sibly, adds sublimity to the whole.

Adjoining the Chapel is a suitable Residence for the Clergyman. The Rev. Mr. Dusautoy has officiated here for some years past to a crowded congregation.

Attention claims. *Kerr Porter!* here thy skill
Has to dull canvas given form and life:
With out-stretched hand, and eye devoutly raised,
Lo! the Redeemer stills the boisterous waves,
And bids the roaring tempest sink in sleep!

To swell the catalogue of noble piles,
Add we the *Hebrew Tabernacle*—
St. Peter's Chapel,† where the Holy Saint
Appears in rightful office—*King-Street!*
Thy spacious temple!‡—and the *School*‖
By genuine philanthropy upreared—
Such bid our nation, 'mid th' admiring world,
Stand forth—her glory, godlike Charity.
The spacious *Mill*, bounding the spreading lake,
With many a structure of high interest
For Military strength, for Naval pride,
Add lustre to the scene.

† *St. Peter's Chapel*, a large and neat building, in *Daniel-Street*, was purchased, a few years since, by the *Wesleyan Methodists*. It was previously a *Free* Chapel, erected by subscription for the use of an eccentric Clergyman named *Pennington*, who had attracted many followers, first by preaching in the open air, and afterwards in a licensed room. The forms of the Church of England were adhered to, but the chapel was exempt from Episcopal jurisdiction.

‡ The new Chapel of the *Independents*, in *King-Street*, is 95 feet long, and 75 feet broad: it will seat 2,500 hearers, and contain when crowded 3,000. The expense of its erection was between ten and £11,000. It was opened for public worship, Sept. 8, 1813. The old Chapel in *Orange-Street*, has been converted into Sunday School-Rooms, and 15 Alms Houses for the Poor of the Congregation The present highly respectable Minister is the Rev. John Griffin, to whom I am indebted for the above Information.

There are several other Dissenting Chapels:—Two of the *Particular Baptists*—the neat and spacious one in *Meeting-House Alley*, of which the Rev. D. Miall has long been pastor; and another in *White's-Row*, under the Rev. W. Hawkins; with both of which are connected Schools and other benevolent institutions;—that of the *Antinomians*, under the Rev. I. Carter, in *Daniel Street*; and one of the *Methodist New Connection*, near *Marlborough-Row*.

‖ *The Beneficial Society's Hall*, in the *Old Rope-Walk*. The lower part of the Building is used for the education of a great number of boys, under the patronage, and at the expence of the Society. Over this is a remarkably fine lofty room, used for the Annual Meeting of the Society, on the first Monday in October, and for Balls, Concerts, Public Meetings, &c.

The Dock.

To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war.
See from her ports a thousand banners stream!
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!

WARTON.

By a judicious arrangement of the Commissioner, Sir Geo. Grey, Bart. *persons wishing to see the Yard, on applying at the Gate, insert their names in a Book, and are attended by a Warder through the principal works. Thus more is seen in an hour's walk, and more information gained by means of an intelligent guide, than could otherwise be obtained, and the intrusion of improper persons is prevented. It is advisable to be at the Gate before Nine in the morning.*

Should foreign nations wonder,
Whence England's mighty station?
Examine our Docks,
Our ships on the stocks,
High theme for admiration:
Each pile, each building vast,
Each store and lofty tower,
War's implements tremendous,
Machinery stupendous—
Great source of naval power:
The varied heaps of treasure,
From distant nations drawn,
From mountain climes,
From teeming mines,
Dear England to adorn!
For us bleak Scandinavia's
Piny woods their honors rear;
Doomed in their pride
The waves to ride,
And England's meteor banner bear;
To hurl forth Britain's thunder,
And spread o'er all the earth
The Port's proud fame,
Her deathless name,
Which gave our bulwarks birth.

Yes, Portsmouth! thy bright glories
Shall never fade, Oh never!
Till o'er the world,
That veil is hurled,
Shall darken all for ever.

This Dock, the wonder now of all,
In Bess's reign was wondrous small,
In manuscripts I've read:
It boasted then, as it would seem,
Of horses but a single team,
And labourers one hundred.
But when Jamaica to us bowed,
A single dry-dock was bestowed,
And fifty workmen added;
A mansion for Commissioner
The Government began to rear,
And soon the project carried.
If with this statement you'll compare
The present wond'rous place,
Then will the energy appear,
Which, in so short a space,
Could execute, improve, design,
So quick, so well,
More fabrics than this verse of mine
Hath power to tell.
So state we, in a general way,
In War, five thousand men each day
By labour live;
But of each mighty work performed,
By what vast piles the Yard's adorned,†
A sketch I'll give.

† The entrance to the Dock-Yard is from *The Common Hard*, through a large handsome Gateway, with a Foot Passage at the side, and handsome Residence for the Master Warder. Within, on the left, appears the long range of *Mast-houses*; on the right the Basin for seasoning the timber.

See, on the right, the palace proud,‡
Where England's Kings have held abode,
Thy mansion, honored **** !
Yet here the wretched may attend,
Where Charity, the general friend,
Shines with her sweetest ray.

Near this the proud *Academy*§
Its spreading dome, its Orrery !
With mingled feelings tost, we gaze,
And sigh, while flows the meed of praise
On Model (built with beauty rare—
Its silken rigging, sculpture fair,)
Of that most noble vessel, lost
On Alderney's tremendous coast.
What numbers found a watery grave
Beneath the tempest troubled wave !
Hark, 'tis the Minute Gun I hear!
The shriek of death—it wounds my ear—
She strikes—'tis o'er ! and silence dread
Momentous rides o'er ocean's bed !
Thus does the sculptured model here
From every Briton crave
The silent tribute of a tear
For those beneath the wave.

‡ The Old Commissioner's House was begun in 1664. The present princely edifice was begun in 1773. Attached to it are a fine garden, lawn, &c. where formerly stood the Dock Chapel. The building consists of the centre, with a noble portico, and two wings—in that on the north are the Official Offices. The apartments are elegant, and well disposed.

§ The *Royal Naval College*, for educating Young Gentlemen for the public service, under the direction of Capt. Loring, the Governor ; the Rev. James Inman, D.D. Professor, and able Assistants. Over the College is an Observatory, in which is a beautiful model of H. M. S. Victory, built at this yard, but unfortunately wrecked off the French coast on her first voyage. A new *Observatory* has lately been erected over the centre arch of the West Store, which commands a view of the whole coast, from the *Needles* to the shores of Sussex.

But let us now the story vary,
And shew the Spouse of lovely Mary,
Illustrious man!
By Norton placed, in loyal mood,
On marble base, in attitude
Cæsarian.

The Inscription.

GULIELMO III. OPTIMO REGE, MDCXCVIII. RICARDUS NORTON HUMILIME DD.

[*This fine doubly gilt statue was the gift of Colonel Richard Norton, of Southwick Park.*]

Full many a noble building we,
High on the margin of the sea,
In wonder wrapt behold.
Here Stores magnificent are found,
And, famed for glorious prospect round,
Th' *Observatory* bold.
The busy Rope-house next we meet
(In length one thousand, ninety feet).*
Yonder the sons of Vulcan view,
And own the scene old Homer drew†—
The fire tremendous blazing round,
The ponderous hammers' stunning sound,
The glowing metals bright,
Which round the gloomy mansion fly,
Like meteors in the midnight sky,
And shed their vivid light:

* *The Rope-House* is a work of vast extent. The formation of a Cable through all its stages is highly interesting—the work, however, is so laborious, that the men can continue it only a few hours in a day. Some of the cables are so large as to require 80 men to work them, notwithstanding the immense machinery. Three stories above, are occupied in the manufacture of twine and cordage.

† The *Anchor-Smith's Shop.* Some of the anchors made here weigh from 40 to 80 cwt. Adjoining is the *Copper Foundery.* Nor far distant, the *Block Machinery*, worked by an immense *Steam Engine*, invented by Mr. Brunell, an ingenious French Royalist, who for many years conducted it: the number, precision, and beauty of the operations performed, as it were by magic, mark it the *ne plus ultra* of mechanical science and ingenuity.

The *Copper Mills*—each furnace vast,
Wherein the ductile ore is cast,
Like stream fast flowing;
Contemplate every varying hue,
Now scarlet, yellow, green, now blue,
As firmer growing.
Now to the wond'rous *Engine* go—
See potent *Steam* its aid bestow,
To rend in twain,
And use and beauty's form impart,
To iron-wood, on which man's art
Oft tried in vain!
The Chapel, by subscription raised;‡
The *Architectural College*,‖ praised
For object as for plan;
The Rigging-Stores—the Guarded Way—
And where the seaman claims his pay,
In passing must we scan;
Six spacious Docks—and Basin wide,
In which our country's naval pride,
May ride at ease;
And whence, if need to shew her power,
Fitted may be within an hour,
To plough the seas.
Oh! who can tread this sacred soil,
Survey these fruits of mighty toil,
By patriot wisdom plan'd—
What varied skill each fabric wrought,
And to such high perfection brought
These safeguards of our land—

‡ The Chapel is a neat edifice, with seats appropriated the Officers of the Yard and of the Ships in Ordinary, as well as the various classes of artisans. In the cupola is the bell which belonged to the unfortunate *Royal George*.

‖ The College of Naval Architecture; where young men receive a mathematical education, to prepare them for the scientific departments in ship-building.

Taught the rough knarled oak to bend,
To England's pow'r its aid to lend,
Her conquering standard bear,
Proudly to stem the ocean wave,
The horrors of the tempest brave,
And thunder of the war:
Who can behold the daring prow,
While thousands breathe the heart-felt vow,
Dash to the waves along,
Nor feel a Briton's conscious pride
With patriot joy his breast divide,
And prompt th' inspiring song?

The Conflagrations.

The record now to infamy we turn.
Behold, where Britain's naval treasures burn—
Portsmouth! the billows which thy Harbour lave
Reflect fell fires in every circling wave:
Aitkin, like him who fired th' Ephesian fane,
In felon reputation shall remain:
Nay the Muse fears of treason you'll attaint her,
That Rogue for only naming, Jack the Painter.
DIBDIN'S *History of England.*

Loud howled the Genius of the midnight storm,
Through heaven's high arch tremendous thunders roll;
Darkness intense obscured fair Nature's form,
And secret fears alarmed each guilty soul.

Now the blue light'ning's momentary flash
Reveals the impending clouds, a heavy store—
Awful! again the bursting thunder's crash,
And to the earth impetuous torrents pour.

Mid the conflicting elements, aghast
Earth's trembling race in speechless horror lay:
When dreadful conflagration sudden cast
O'er night's tremendous face the light of day.

Mark the flames tremendous beaming,
In the golden ocean gleaming!
Mark the awful lurid sky!
Listen to the piercing cry
By Britain's Genius, pale with horror,
From her celestial mansion sent,
Trembling to view her naval power
Fast sinking 'neath the element.

Jove heard the lovely nymph complaining;
Mild pity touched the monarch's breast;
His potent arm, the foe restraining,
Bade her throbbing bosom rest.

While what, if chanced to other nation,
Had quite obscured their lesser fame,
Scarce felt, in our more happy station,
Cast but a shadow on our name;

For scare had Phœbus' golden car
Twice circling led the varying year,
Ere from the shadow of its glory,
Like fabled bird of ancient story,
This sacred spot, great Neptune's own,
In all its wonted splendour shone!

By this catastrophe, on the 3d of July, 1760, two of the principal Storehouses, and immense quantities of naval stores were consumed.

Scarce ten years had pass'd, ere the mandate of Fate
Raised the dread conflagration I mean to relate;
(But first I must needs mend my pen,
Or I fear the narration might anger inspire,
And my readers incensed wish the whole in the fire)—
Which so puzzled the power of men.

From the Poet's apartment—the garret, I mean—
This woeful mishap by a Poet was seen,
Who at day-break had leaped from his bed;
And in writing an Opera, Tragedy, Play,
Or it might be a Farce, but which I can't say,
Thus early was puzzling his head.

Quick into his pocket the manuscript flew,
And open the narrow-paned window he threw—
You'd have guessed by his face he'd no life:
"The Dock's all on fire," he pantingly cried,
While loud to each hoarse exclamation replied
The loud drum and the shrill piercing fife.

From every side the myriads flock,
"What's on fire?" says one. Says another "The Dock!"
"From whence its first rise, pray?" "Who knows?"
No answer was given—but this we suppose—
By the schemes of proud Bourbon or Spain it arose,
And was kindled by treacherous foes.

From four various places, the fire so bright
Cast o'er the wide ocean a mantle of light;
The wind roared with hideous sound.
Despair took possession of every breast:
In every visage pale fear stood confest—
When sudden the wind shifted round.

Now Hope from the firemen prodigies drew,
And paler at length the red fire grew,
Which so long with man's art had contended;
And long ere the sun had sunk in the west,
From danger and dread every heart was at rest,
And all fear, like my verses, had ended.

This occurred the 27th July, 1770. The pitch and tar stores were destroyed; but the damage was soon repaired.

Say who, 'gainst Albion's sacred land
Gave hostile foes a willing hand,
Obedient to their stern command?
Why truly, Jack the Painter!

Who viewed with gladdened heart and eyes
The awful flames he bade arise
Tremendous through the midnight skies?
Why truly, Jack the Painter!

By every loyal heart contemned,
Who was at Winchester condemned,
By rope and noose to find an end?
Why truly, Jack the Painter!

Who (as in history I've read)
When 'mid the heaps of ruin led,
Proved a repentant renegade?
Why truly, Jack the Painter!

Who, by the weight of guilt oppressed,
His deeds at Plymouth-Dock confess'd,
And how he meant to fire the rest?
Why truly, Jack the Painter!

Whose corpse, by ponderous irons wrung,
High upon Blockhouse Beach was hung,
And long to every tempest swung?
Why truly, Jack the Painter's!

Whose bones, some years since taken down,
Were brought in curious bag to town,
And left in pledge for half-a-crown?
Why truly, Jack the Painter's!

This infamous traitor and incendiary executed his horrid scheme on the 7th of September, 1776. The Rope-house and Stores were completely destroyed.

The Gun-wharf.

See those deep-throated engines, whose huge roar
Imbowels with outrageous noise the air,
Chained thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes. MILTON.

TO HENRIQUEZ.

I thought, ere sailed the western fleet
To send you off another sheet;
But eastern gales so quickly bore
Thee, much loved friend, from England's shore,
That anxious as my wishes were,
They could not rule the sea and air.
But, as in torrid zone you rove,
At ease in some pimento grove,
Should you perchance this volume ope,
Then give to memory ample scope:
Think how, on friendship's hallowed stream,
Flowed our young days, in golden beam—
Then shall revive each much-loved scene,
Though roll the Atlantic waves between.

Past is the Dock, the nation's boast,
The jewel of our southern coast;
And now the *Gun-wharf's* ample space
Detains, each stately pile to trace—
Stupendous buildings, which might vie
With proudest boast of Italy!
For though no statue meets the eye—
Yet sacred to utility,
High walls and sculptured portals grand,
And domes and towers, on haven strand—
Large stores, where once the billows rude,
And vessels, fraught with treasure, rode;
The iron bridge, revolving round,
Thrown o'er the foaming stream profound;
The dreadful implements of war—
The mansions neat—the gay *parterre*—
And mighty stores for gun and ball
Compose this spacious Arsenal.

In this establishment, which rivals the celebrated Arsenal of *Venice*, are kept in store immense quantities of guns, carriages, &c. and every species of ammunition both for Naval and Military service. The Armoury. on the right of the entrance-gate, contains small arms for 25,000 men, arranged in the neatest order. The new stores on the southern side, are built on made ground taken in from an arm of the sea, which originally flowed up to the wall between the King's Mill and the Quay: the largest of these superb edifices is surmounted by a tower, containing an excellent clock. The whole is inclosed by a wall, reaching from the Town Quay to the Portsea Hard.

Spithead, etc.

The glory and pride of our isle.
NATIONAL SONG.

Hail, mighty haven ! justly famed,
Land-locked and free from danger ;
By every gallant seaman named
His Majesty's Bed-Chamber !
St. Helen's, and the light-house high,
Are in the distance seen ;
And here the *Motherbank*, where lie
The ships in Quarantine.
Let famed *Spithead*, the Solent Sea,
Of England's fleets e'er be the station ;
And many a season may it be
Scene of our Sovereign's recreation.
Hence shall Britannia's bulwarks rush,
From hence her dreadful thunder hurled,
Each foe presumptuous to crush,
That dares disturb the peaceful world.

LOSS OF
H. M. S. ROYAL GEORGE.

The sun 'mid heaven's concave high
Shone in effulgent majesty ;
The silver wave, in eddying stream,
Reflected back the diamond beam :
In gallant trim the vessel lay,
The pride, the glory of the bay ;
She bore our Patriot Sovereign's name,
And oft had spread the nation's fame.
Five Bells the time—The Boatswain cries
"Careen the ship !" His Mate replies

"All hands, careen the ship—*yea-hoa!*"
The whistle shrill resounds below.
With lightsome heart, on deck appear
Full many a gallant mariner.
To heel the ship their strength they ply—
But hark!—What means that piercing cry?
Through open ports, with hideous roar,
The unsuspected waters pour;
And sudden, 'neath the azure tide,
Sunk the great *George*, our Navy's pride.
Brave KEMPENFELDT, and gallant crew!
Wove be the cypress wreath for you—
Who, in life's prime—no signal giv'n,
Found through the watery waste a path to heaven!

This lamentable circumstance happened in August, 1782. The ship was hove on one side for some necessary repairs; when, in consequence of a sudden squall, which shifted her ballast, the lower gun-ports being open, the water rushed in, and she sunk in three minutes. To the kindness of Mr. KINGSTON I am indebted for the following account of the state of the wreck in 1817, when he examined it in a *Diving Bell:*

"*The wreck lays with her head about W. S. W. The quarter deck, forecastle, roundhouse, with the larboard topside as low down as the range of the upper deck, are entirely gone. The oak-strakes, and midships of the flat of the upper deck are much decayed by worms in several places, so as to shew the beams and framing beneath. The whole of the fir appears as sound as when first laid. The deck is much twisted from the ship's falling so much fore and aft. The wreck has a beautiful appearance when viewed about a fathom above the deck, being covered with small weeds, interspersed with shells, star-fish and a species of polypus, lying on a thin, greasy, grey sediment. All below the deck is a perfect solid of fine black mud; and when suspended over the larboard side she appears a rude mass of timber, lying in all directions. The after part has fallen in.*"

Mr K. is of opinion that it is impossible to remove her, either altogether or in detached parts. An attempt was made some years since by Mr. TRACEY to raise her, by loading two ships with water, lashing them to the wreck by cables at low water: as the tide rose, the vessels being lightened, it was presumed that the wreck might be lifted. The experiment failed: the projector, however, attributed it to the want of proper assistance.

BURNING OF H. M. S. BOYNE,

On May Day, 1795.

Softly played the western breeze,
Calm the azure waters flowed,
When the *Boyne*, ill-fated vessel,
Calmly at her moorings rode.

Sudden, 'mid the fleet assembled
A golden meteor seemed to sweep,
Like orb of day; and, fast increasing,
Spread terror o'er the crowded deep.

"The *Boyne's* on fire!" with hoarse alarm,
From deck to deck the seamen hie;
"Unfurl the mainsail—slip each cable—
"Quick from the threat'ning danger fly!

"Send out the long boat, gig, or pinnace—
"Hasten, Messmates, or too late—
"The fire increases from each port-hole—
"Preserve her crew from ruthless fate!"

The signal's made—"Escape the danger:
"Let every vessel leave the bay!"
Each weighed the anchor, sought St. Helen's,
E'en the *Old Billy* ran away.

Now tow'rds her deep-laid magazine
By slow degrees the fire crept,
To where her stores, prepared for action,
And all-destructive nitre slept;

While ever and anon her cannon
On the proud castle frequent poured,
Till dread explosion, sudden bursting,
Like heaven's tremendous thunder roared.

On towering pillar slow ascending,
Behold her shattered timbers rise;
From her deep keel, in dread commotion,
Th' affrighted ocean trembling flies!

Now floating embers, livid fragments,
Spread terror o'er the land and main.
Till the whole fabric was consumed;
And peace once more resumed her reign.

The *Boyne* caught fire at Eleven o'clock in the morning, and blew up at Five in the afternoon.—Many lives were lost, owing to people in boats getting under the ship to strip off the copper, &c.

THE

Island of Portsea.

The slow ascending hill—the lofty wood
That mantles o'er its brow—the silver flood,
Wandering in mazes through the flowery mead,
While every object, every scene, excite
Fresh wonder in my soul, and fill me with delight.
LISLE'S *History of Porsenna*.

Such to the young Porsenna shone the land
Of loveliest Albion, as fair Zephyr's wings
Bore him through regions of celestial blue:—
And such doth memory fondly love to trace
In scenes of my nativity. Thrice happy soil!
Where Art and Nature, with indulgent hand
Bestow their choicest blessings. *Hygeia* fair,
First born of heaven, here hath fixed her throne;
Here *Mars* hath stored his implements of war;
And here with joy the hoary *Neptune* claims
In undisputed right a second Athens,
His chosen *protegée*—and hence he sends
His dreadful heralds o'er the tribute main.

How fair and lovely shines each varied part!
Here rise umbrageous woods—here golden fields
And bending orchards meet the eager gaze—
The gay *parterre* of some neat residence,
Where the worn mariner, from danger free,
Passes the sober evening of his life,
And with inspiring satisfaction tells
"The toils and perils of the vasty deep."

Pass we the *glacis*, the extending fosse,
The spreading lake, and where in ancient time
Rose the small chapel to St. Magdalen; *

* Some years since, remains of this building could be traced, it stood on the London road, nearly opposite the house now occupied by J. Owen, Esq.

Onward the Modern Aqueduct appears †—
The Free-School too—the Barrack's ample stores‡—
The Hospital Marine, with gardens large—
And where the basin of the new Canal
Shall wind its course circuitous along.
The crowded suburbs, where, but few years since,
In verdant fields the lowing cattle grazed,
And Ceres shed her bounty: now far and wide
The peopled maze is spread, increasing still.
Or let us follow the sequester'd walk
Through *Stamshaw's* verdant meadows—passing first
The Parish Poor-house; then view the winding lake,
Branching its waters, till in distance lost,
And on its bank the Fort of *Tipner* strong,
And ammunition stores.
Kingston! thy Church,
Raised when First Edward filled the English throne,
And its vast cemet'ry, attention claim; §
Fratton! thy calm retreats—*Buckland!* thy charms—
And where in ancient time the briny stream
Flowed to the centre of the verdant isle. ‖
New rising streets, like Cretan Labyrinth,
Stretch far around the *Cross* and *Crescent Road.*

† *The Portsea Island Water-Works.* The water is collected from several fine springs, raised by steam into a lofty reservoir, and thence conveyed by pipes through the whole district, and to the tops of the loftiest houses.

Near this is the *Lancasterian School* for Boys and Girls, without distinction as to the religious persuasion of their parents. Economy and good discipline are united in this useful institution.

‡ *Barracks of the Royal Sappers and Miners:* near which is the handsome residence of the Commanding Royal Engineer—and in an adjoining street, the *Royal Marine Infirmary.*—In this quarter the noble entrance to the Town of Portsea, recently much improved, will command particular notice.

§ *The Church-Yard* at Kingston is one of the largest in the kingdom—at the Eastern side is a Monument to the memory of the sufferers in the *Royal George.*

‖ Formerly a small inlet from the Harbour, a continuation of the Mill-Creek, extended as far as *Lake-Lane*, which hence derived its name. Part of the channel still exists behind the Marine Infirmary.

Of *Stobington** the ancient record speaks,
Its large domains—and still its stately pile
May observation, admiration, claim;
And farther north behold the sculptured stone,
High mark and boundary to the magistrate.

[*A neat Stone Pillar, by the London Road, marks the Northern Boundary of the Borough of Portsmouth. It bears this Inscription—*
BURGI DE PORTESMUTH LIBERTATUM LIMES MDCCXCIX. REY. G. CUTHBERT PRÆTORE.]

* *Stobington* was formerly attached to the Hospital of God's House.—The Manors of *Kingston*, *Buckland*, and *Applestead*, having escheated to the Crown in the reign of King John, were given to the Corporation. They were then in the possession of the De Ports, a family of some distinction in our Hampshire Annals.

Gatcombe we ponder on thy vistas green,
Where hoar tradition speaks of Holy Pile
'Mid spacious forest of majestic oak,
Unnoticed in the history of the Isle:
Howe'er well suited to the minstrel's lay,
We disregard it. Yet must the Muse
Here pay her homage to thy worth
Illustrious Curtis! who in ardent fight
Long time maintained the glory of our name,
And ever did his duty. His fame shall live,
Emblazoned 'mid the heroes of our Isle,
Coupled with Howe and glorious *First of June;*
And since it is a custom here in England,
"Less honored in the breach than the observance,"
To paint the incidents of great mens' lives,
Their traits of humour and urbanity,
The Muse, well pleased, will profit by the rule,
And claims a candid hearing to her tale.

‡ *Gatcombe-House*, the seat of the late Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, Bart. than whom no one ever filled a more useful and honorable station in the service of his country. Zeal, intelligence, intrepidity, perseverance, and urbanity, distinguished his public career. In private life he was an example of the *English Gentleman*.—Sir Lucius Curtis, Bart. a Post-Captain in the Navy, and an active Magistrate for the County, has succeeded to the estate and honours of his lamented father.

The Mail Coach Adventure.

Of the late Admiral, whose mirth
Would oft to humorous strokes give birth;
Who proved himself an equal ardent lover
Of glory's banquet as the flow of soul;
A droll adventure, 'mid a pond'rous roll
Of dusty papers, did I chance discover,
Of a stage coach—an Indian sailor,
Who, travelling to Portsmouth in the dark,
Mistook the gallant Admiral for some spark,
Some city banker's clerk, or perhaps a tailor:
And when to Petersfield advancing near,
Drew from his great-coat pocket bread and cheese,
And thus demanded, "Will your Citship please
"To cheer your spirits with a seaman's fare?"

"With all my heart!" and, longing for a joke,
Sir Knight resolved the traveller to smoke,
And thus accosted—"My most worthy friend!
"It certainly has often puzzled me
"To think how sailors can their ships command
"By night! D'ye tie them to a post or tree—
"For in the dark you *clearly* cannot see?"
"Why what a land-locked lubber you must be!
"Tie to a tree?—Egad, that's mighty fine,
"'Twill serve to laugh at when the mess I join—
"And you, my boy, should we in Portsmouth meet,
"Shall see a ship, the tightest in the fleet!"

Next day, on Portsmouth Beach, the tar so bold
Our Knight observed, adorned in blue and gold;
But ere from his surprize he could recover,
Or to superior officer uncover,
Sir Roger said—"Don't fear, although you see
"Your *lubber* and your Admiral in me!
"This morning you'd the joke at my expense—
"Nay, do not now apologies commence—
"But when our good King's health you've drank,
"Hoist the broad sail,
"And 'fore the gale,
"Hasten to gain the distant Motherbank!
"And ever bear in mind this droll narration:
"Ne'er by false colours be allured;
"And ere you board be well assured
"Both of a vessel's trim, her rate, and nation."

And now continue we our circling path
O'er lawn of *Hilsea*, rich in rural scenes;
Pass the large Barrack (Cumberland's great Duke
Th' illustrious founder). The high rampart walls,
The deep sunk moat, the strong and guarded gate,
The bridge full arching o'er the parting flood,
In majesty appear. Return we now
By *Copnor's* plains, which in the olden time
Served swell the revenue of *Domus Dei;*
Through *Tangier*,* noted for its works of salt,
From earliest records known, with pile monastic—
And the calm lake for finny treasures famed.
Bavins! thy Farm. Removed from noisy strife,
See *Milton's* shores and rural scenes, where blends
With wild and decorative scenery, the rich
And cultured soil. Again the long Canal
Crosses our path, as o'er the marshes damp
It winds its way. The Eastern Haven far
Extends its waters to the distant hills,
And bounds in awful pride fair *Hayland's* Isle.

Cumberland Fort.

When exiled Stuart sought our isle,
And Waverly was gained by guile;
When Scotland's hardy mountain clans
Won the bright day at Preston Pans,
While claymore bright and English steel,
For George—for Stuart—ring and reel;
When on Culloden's dreadful plain
High rose the heaps of mangled slain,

* *The* GREAT SALTERNS, *now in possession of Messrs. Sharp and Glendening, a very ancient establishment, of which mention is made in 'Doomsday Book.' The Duties arising to Government from it exceed in amount all other Excise Duties paid in the Island.*

When, CUMBERLAND! thy giant might
Maintained thy Royal Father's right,
Drove from the land each bigot slave
In terror o'er the foaming wave,
And taught, that England's people free
Will ne'er submit to slavery—
'Twas gratitude to thee would found
The Fort, our isle to guard and bound‡—
Though poor the tribute it can give
To one, whose name shall ever live
While valor is to England dear,
And Liberty her sons shall cheer.

Now we again our pleasing way pursue
Upon the highest portion of the isle,
To where the solitary fortress stands
Far on the margin of th' expansive deep;
And farther south, its fellow on the sand,
Lashed by the foaming waves, which daily bring
Destruction in their train§.

Southsea Castle.

Again I'll raise my varying verse,
And themes of other times rehearse—
Sing the majestic castle proud,
Which long defied the ocean flood,
Till Time, destroyer fell of all,
Sapped each high parapet and wall.
Yet, like a passing summer dream,
Fond Memory recalls the scene,

‡ CUMBERLAND FORT was commenced by the late Lord Tyrawly. It has lately been completed in the most perfect modern style; will mount 100 pieces of cannon, and contain 4,000 troops.

§ *Eastney and Lumps Forts* have suffered greatly from encroachment by the sea. Persons are yet living who remember a furze common below the Forts.

When 'mid the mouldering pile I strayed,
And long its ancient pride surveyed,
The circling waves, in eddies straying,
Around each jutting buttress playing.

Some few years since, the optic nerve
Of Antiquarian might observe,
Amid the castle's dignity,
The works of triple majesty :
But all of late has disappeared ;
And, from the cumbrous ruins reared,
The towering bastion's might and pride
In giant strength defies the tide.†

The ancient fabric first was founded
1539 By HENRY, famed for pomp unbounded,
Great cause of monkish fears :
Th'external part by CHARLES, when he
Had ruled o'er chartered England free,
Thirty and eight long years :
Which last I learned from sculptured stone,
Whereon the royal bearings shone,
And, rescued from the general fate,
Still serves to grace the entrance gate ;

"*CAROLUS II. REX, Anno Regni* XXXVIII. *A. D.* MDCLXXXIII."

And last, the chiefs of that great race,
Which now the throne of England grace,
Adorned and beautified the place.

† It is recorded that EDWARD VI. passed a night here, during his tour, in 1552. August 23, 1759, great part of the interior was destroyed by an explosion of the Magazine, occasioned by some sparks from the Barrack-room falling into it—Seventeen persons were killed by this accident. In 1782, a Deputy-Governor formed part of its establishment, with a salary of £95 5*s.* per annum: whereas in the reign of ELIZABETH the following was the rate of pay—Captain, 2*s.* a day ; Under Captain, 1*s.* 1*d.* Porter, 8*d.*: Second Porter. 6*d.*; Master Gunner, 8*d.*; Gunners and Soldiers, 6*d.* The Fortress has been lately rebuilt on the model of Fort Cumberland.

For Charles, as Clarendon has told,
Long did this ancient fortress hold;
But the succeeding verse shall tell
To Cromwell how at length it fell.

A Captain bold, named CHALONER,
Here held his streightened quarters:
Right fond was he of home-brewed beer,
And comfortable waters.

From Portsmouth journeying one night,
By deep potations shaken,
By fiend, with golden tokens bright,
The Captain was o'ertaken.

'Twas on September midnight drear,
And far around were beaming
The *bivouac* fires, and many a spear
In the red light was gleaming.

Before them lay the common wild,
The moon was slowly sinking;
No genial star in heaven smiled—
The Captain's thoughts were—*drinking*.

Before his dim and wandering eye,
Such flitting forms were dancing,
Unable made him to descry
He was with foe advancing.

In silence dread long time they went—
And gloomy hesitation;
'Till, with the Captain's free consent,
They joined in conversation.

By slow degrees and artful round
Sir Fiend changed relation,
'Till unsuspected moment found—
The Siege their joint narration.

By eloquence and bribery
The Captain's honor shaken,
In dead of night by enemy,
The fortress strong was taken.

Hence by the margin of the sea we pass,
Whose waters, sparkling as the diamond beam,
Lave the smooth polished shingle. Here the bath

Invites to plunge into the swelling waves,
And with extended sinews buffet them.
Then flashes manly vigour on the cheek—
The enervated nerve resumes its tone,
The streams of life in juster circles play,
And man in renovated health appears.†
Now, quitting the fair shore—see villas gay,
Increasing towns and lofty terraces,‡
Landport, and *Bellevue*, *Hampshire*, and *The King's*,
Where shines on high the bold colossal form
Of *George the Good*. Nor must we here forget
The destined site, where soon in gothic pomp
Shall rise the holy temple of *St. Paul*,§
Its stately form with gothic turrets crowned.

Such are the scenes which to the attentive eye
Our native Isle in glowing tints presents.

† *Southsea Beach* possesses advantages for Sea Bathing, not surpassed by any situation on the Southern Coast of England—the machines are good—the guides experienced—the beach is fine smooth gravel, mixed with sand, and from its easy slope, a descent of a few yards places the valetudinarian, at any hour of the day, in the midst of the fresh and clear ocean tide. On the shore is a neat Bathing-House, where subscribers are furnished with Newspapers, Magazines, &c. and various refreshments may be procured.

‡ Within a few years an extensive and beautiful suburb has been raised in the neighbourhood of the Southern shore,—the centre and more compact section is called the TOWN OF CROXTON, and was founded by *Thomas Croxton, of Croxton, Esq.* who purchased a large field adjoining the *glacis*, and laid it out in regular streets. In front is *King's Terrace*, an elegant and uniform range; in a *niche* over the centre is a statue of George III. in his Coronation Robes, finely executed by Mr. Hellyer, of H. M. Dock-Yard, erected in commemoration of the Jubilee, when his late Majesty entered the 50th year of his reign:—

The Inscription.

"GEORGIO III. ANNOS QUINQUAGINTA REGNANTI HARUM ÆDIUM CONDITORES HANC STATUAM POSUERE, 1809."

The Houses here, as well as in the adjoining Terraces are in great request by the Nobility, Gentry, and the numerous fashionables who visit us in the Bathing Season.

§ A *New Church* has been commenced (under the provisions of the late Act of Parliament) on an eligible piece of ground, the gift of Mr. Hewett, of *Landport Terrace*, at the back of his Residence. It is to be a handsome gothic structure, of Bath Stone, with four turrets carried to an elevation of 16 feet above the roof. The seats in the body will be let—the galleries will be entirely free; together affording room for 2,000 persons. It is to bear the name of *St. Paul's*.

Gosport.

The lovely sister of the matchless three.

" 'Tis a fine day ! In yon trim wherry,
" The fare's but small—let's cross the ferry,
" And view the spacious well-built town,
" For inland traffic of renown."
" Canst tell from whence its name it drew ?"
" From the *gorze* shrub which round it grew."‖

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark—
" Your coats on fire, my dashing spark !"
" Impossible ! it cannot be."
" By heaven it is, Sir—in the sea !"
The stranger's cheek a deep blush wore ;
The boatman rested on his oar :
And, might I read his fine dark eye,
For moment fixed intentively,
The innate pleasure I could trace
Kindle each feature of his face ;
Sarcastic smile ! his wit so dry
Hath galled the landman's vanity.
But now again the oar he plies—
In circling stream the water flies ;
By many a gallant ship we sail,
And Stephen's ancient *Castle* hail.
Then safely landed on the beach,
The new-raised *Market-House* we reach ;
And passing this, behold each Street,
Commodious, broad, well paved, and neat—

‖ In the reign of Henry VIII. Gosport was merely a village, inhabited by fishermen. In the reign of Queen Anne it was regularly fortified. The Ancient Castle on the shore was then called *Charles's Fort*, and consisted of a Blockhouse, surrounded by a square battery. *Boro' Castle* is a ruined pile on a small island in the Harbour, supposed to have been built in the reign of Stephen—it is now used as a burial-place for convicts. The old Market-House stood in the centre of the High-Street.

Here *North* and *South* with *High-Street* vie,
And many Cross Streets we descry,
The *Square*, *Cold Harbour*, lying nigh,
Famed for its proud *Academy*.*
What other buildings have we here?
Inns, Chapels,§ Barracks, Theatre;
The town with battlements surrounded
Where'er by ocean 'tis not bounded.

One Fielding, who by writing gained more glory
Than hopes your humble servant, tells a story
Of Gosport blacksmith, a most lucky elf,
Who gained by Lottery Ticket plenteous pelf,
And wishing as a learned man to shine,
Thought his new gilded shelves with books to line;
But paying to the binding most regard,
Ordered each learned subject by the yard.
Six yards of Poetry—of Logic three—
Physic and Law, one nail's enough for me.

Far to the right, at *Weovil*† we
May view the Naval Brewery,
Where once a spacious mansion stood,
With pleasure ground and garden rood;
But government well liked the lands,
And bought them off the owner's hands;
Sunk the vast Basin, Buildings raised,
And brewed the beer by seamen praised.

* *The Academy of Dr.* Burney *and* Sons, *an old and respectable Establishment.*

§ The Parish Church of *Alverstoke* being distant more than a mile from the town, there is a large Chapel of Ease and Cemetery in the southern quarter. Its interior is neat, and divided into three aisles. The Organ was formerly the property of the Duke of Chandos.—In *High-Street* is an elegant Chapel of the *Independents*, of which the Rev. Dr. Bogue has long been Minister, and one of the *Wesleyan Methodists*, recently built. Here are also several large Breweries and the large Iron Foundery of Mr. Jellicoe.

† The Brewery, &c. at *Weovil*, is very extensive. The ground was formerly the property of Capt. Flyers, by whom it was sold to the Countess of Clancarty.

From the high ramparts, robed in green,
The port and Vectian Isle are seen ;
The branching lake, retired vale,
Extending plain, or sloping dale.

Nor as 'mid nature's sweets we rove,
Must we forget the admired Grove :*
Ne'er shone a spot with lovelier smile,
In Tempe's vale—Calypso's Isle.
Here wanton ivy loves to twine
Its tendrils with the curling vine;
Pomona loads the bending trees,
And balmy odours scent thebreeze ;
While, as of Ormuz Persians sing,
'Tis ' diamond set in golden ring.'

Crossing the lake at *Priddy's* Green,
Behold the strong arched magazine.
Tow'rds *Hardway* now our course we bend,
The margin of the lake ascend,
And *Brockhurst* gain,
A rural hamlet. Far around
Luxuriant landscape scenes abound,
A rich champaign ;
And passing hence, some half-a-mile,
The modern Military Pile
Attracts the eye ;
And *Forton's* Keep, a dread abode,
Where, 'neath misfortune's heavy load,
Ambition's slaves, for despot's crime,
Were captive kept in warlike time.
Now let us stray by *Berry's* shades,
Its wood-bine walks, its peaceful glades,

* *The Grove*, the residence of T. Strachan, Esq. Certainly one of the most enchanting places within 20 miles of Portsmouth.

Through *Alverstoke*,* its verdant sweets,
Its cheerful village, calm retreats;
Observe its Church, and on our way
The curious Landmark for the bay,
Gill-Kicker: still
On the far beach the spot espy
Where rose its flinty fellow high,
The *Kicker-Gill.*
Along the level sands we stray,
The merchant's rendezvous, *Stoke's Bay;*
'Till *Monckton's* Fort, with bulwarks proud,
Tremendous braves the eddying flood.
Then, like to Babylon in strength
Gigantic, and a mile in length,
The granite wall,
To *Blockhouse* Fort extends between,
While on the rising ground is seen

THE HOSPITAL.

Let India boast her caravanseras,
Of hoar antiquity—rich princely works
For wandering Pilgrim, fainting traveller;
Boast Greece and Italy their classic fanes,
Their marble columns, and their towers fair:
But where shines ought, more noble or more grand
In genuine kindness, angel charity,
Than *Haslar's* sumptuous pile.† To thee,
Illustrious SANDWICH! whose humanity
Snatched from the deadly fang the sinking man,

* *The Church of Alverstoke* is a venerable building, situated in a large Church-Yard, planted with elm trees. There are a number genteel houses in its neighbourhood—among which are Bury-house Asylum for the Insane—also a respectable Seminary, conducted by Mr. Veale.

† *The Hospital* is built on a piece of ground, formerly called *Haslar Farm.* It is a magnificent quadrangular building, 1,600 feet in length, with fine piazzas, having a small Chapel and every requisite office attached. The grounds are a mile in circumference, and inclosed by a high wall.

To give him back to happiness and joy,
The Muse must pay the tribute of her praise.
Long as our fleets shall rule the tribute main,
And distant nations tremble at our power,
So long thy name shall be by Britain blessed,
Thy naval ministry immortalized—
Thy envied title still—The Sailor's Friend!

On the rich pediment behold
The arms of England's monarchy,
The various sculptures which unfold
The pomp of naval dignity.

First, *Navigation*, boldly shining,
Her arms on blazoned Prow reclining,
While bending low with gesture sweet—
A wounded Sailor at her feet—
She bathes his wounds in charity,
With care Samaritan attends
His every want, each woe befriends.
High in mid-air the Northern star,
Sure guide to ancient mariner;
On the fore-ground the compass wheel,
The mystic polar-pointing steel;
And at the angle, low reclined,
The Guardian of the Western wind;
While stern of ship—rich pearly ore—
And shells complete th' entablature.
Next *Commerce*, with unsparing hand,
Sheds plenty oe'r the smiling land;
And fruits and never failing flowers
From golden Cornu-copia showers—
On Bales of Merchandize her seat,
The world's vast treasure at her feet.
Near this a ship-wrecked Sailor stands,
In mute despair on barren sands;
To whose distress and prospects drear
A friendly Bird doth minister;
While Boreas bids the tempest roar,
And shells and coral crown the shore.

The Tour.

With heart at ease, unshackled mind,
To Nature's varied scenes inclined,
A youthful minstrel left his home,
Through Hampshire's southern shores to roam;
With ardent zeal and eager fire,
Glean subjects for his tuneful lyre.
First themes historic rouse his soul—
The chords to tales romantic roll
Of ruined castle, tottering wall,
Of pile monastic, gothic hall;
And now the praise of ancient name,
Illustrious in the page of Fame
For gallant action, holy love,
Invite his youthful skill to prove.
Now nature's matchless beauties shew,
In mantling forest, mountain brow,
The peacefull village, verdant plain,
The pebbled beach, or stormy main;
The mansions of the lordly great,
The humble shaded villa neat;
And what tradition dark shall tell
Of each, his willing lyre shall swell.
When sunk behind the northern star
The seven-horsed Waggoner his car,
And Phœbus in the glowing east
His earliest waving fires cast,
The minstrel sought the dewy road,
And towards the west his course pursued.
Through *Farcham** first his journey bends
To where the winding lake ascends—

* *Farcham* is a populous and respectable town. It is mentioned in *Doomsday Book* as having been exposed to the incursions of the Danes. At present it is the residence of many of the Nobility and Gentry: it has a weekly corn market, and one fortnightly for cattle.—By the side of an arm of the sea, which passes the town, is the noble mansion of *Cams*, the seat of J. Delmé, Esq

Fareham—which titled name bestows,
And whence large stream of commerce flows.
Ofttimes a backward glance was cast
On, *Cams!* thy groves and bowers past,
Whose nodding elms and turrets beam,
Reflected in the winding stream.
By *Fontly's* blazing fires his road,
And many a Squire's calm abode;
Through *Catesfield*, on the verdant sweep,
Descending towards the valley deep;
'Till, low within the watery glade,
Crowned by the mantling forest's shade,
Fair *Titchfield's* rural mansions lie
In loveliest simplicity.
With ivy crowned, the mouldering aisle,
Of once illustrious gothic pile,
The hall, the tower, soaring high,
And frowning still in majesty;
While, 'mid the cumbrous butments prest,
The martin forms her hanging nest,
And noisy daw--sole tenants they,
Where once rose joy and wassailry;
Or trace we back the record page
To Reverend ‡Peter's holy age.
Here rose a pile, religion's seat,
To the fair Virgin dedicate,
Whose canons pure strict hours led,
And wandering traveller was fed.
And might not, in this solemn place,
Some tale romantic find a place?—

‡ *Peter de Rupibus* founded the Abbey, in 1231, for Premonstratension Canons. It was granted by Henry VIII. to his favorite Secretary, Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. The revenue, at the dissolution, was £249 16 1. The Chapel is in ruins: the gateway and stables are the only parts standing. It is now in possession of the Delmē family.

Of virgin novice, tender, fair—
And generous Knight, kind, *debonaire ;*
The Abbess stern, whose fiery eye
Shot flashes forth of blackest dye ;
Of bursting tempest, lightning's glare ;
Of lady fainting near for fear,
While o'er the vale and, far below,
The solemn woodlands, deep and slow
The echoes of the midnight bell
Were heard in awful pause to swell ?
The dreary mansions of the dead,
By hope inspiring genius led,
The novice passed, reached postern gate,
Where swiftest coursers lay in wait,
And, clasped in faithful lover's arms,
Found recompense for past alarms.
Now truths of later times inspire ;
To facts historic flows the lyre.
When HENRY seized with greedy hand
Monastic revenues and land,
To Wroithesly, Minister of State,
A present came this fine estate.
Here was a splendid mansion raised,
For hospitality much praised :
The ruins now demand a sigh,
For fate of pomp and dignity.
When England 'neath rebellion bled,
Hither her wretched Monarch fled,
With anguish keen to Hampton cried,
While hope her friendly aid denied—
" The chief of STUART's race demands
" Protection at a subject's hands,
" From those who, with presumptuous strife,
" Would strike with bloody hands his life."

" Thou hast it: and may palsy shake
" This arm, if I my King forsake."
And now through many a shady way
And fertile plain the journey lay,
Where scenes of richest hue were seen.
The cultured lands, the thicket gay,
Wild rose and woodbine round each spray,
And the thrush, with cheerful song,
Bade echo sweet his notes prolong;
The peasant cottage, farm-house neat,
The bounteous store of new reaped wheat;
While pleasant came the hollow sound
Of the flail, in steady round.
For moment gazed the fiery steed,
Then snorting, swept the verdant mead;
While the flock its fear confest,
Fled the path of stranger guest,
Who sought the birth-place of a name
For god-like acts of godlike fame.

WICKHAM.

Hail, loveliest village! consecrated earth,
Which gave the all-illustrious Prelate birth,
From whose munificence the poor were blest,
And care and hunger fled the sore opprest!
William of Wickham! thy unfading name
Sheds on thy native village deathless fame,
A wide domain, which once obeyed the will
Of sons of *Uvedal* § or *Earl Carlisle.*

§ *Nicholas Uvedal* was the patron of William of Wickham. The Church here is a neat structure of Anglo-Norman architecture, at the western entrance. Wickham Corner, in which the celebrated Dr. Warton passed the evening of his life, is situated at the eastern extremity of the village.

Wide o'er surrounding hills and vallies fair
Nature her sweets hath shed with bounteous care,
Luxuriant parks with lofty mansions vie,
And scenes romantic greet the minstrel's eye,
Such as might fire a Lorraine's flowing mind,
Bid him fit subject for his canvas find,
Or teach the meditative mind to soar
Tow'rds themes immortal, and the Pow'r adore,
Who caused such beauties by a single word—
And through his works be Nature's God adored.

Hail, *Southwick!* famed for ancient shrine,
Most costly, to St. Augustine
Raised by PLANTAGENET, who loved
The minstrel, and his lay approved!
Thee will I sing. Hail, sacred place!
In pensive sadness will I trace
The glories of thy earlier fame
(Ere HENRY sapped thy splendid name),
When hospitality shone forth
Tow'rds friendless or neglected worth.
Yet shall thy solemn chapel still
Detain the traveller's step awhile,
Along thy lofty aisle to stray,
The works of piety survey,
The light fantastic tracery,
The high-wrought Gothic Imag'ry,
The rich groined roof with spandrils grac'd,
In the mid orbs rich mouldings placed;
The trefoil ornament displayed;
Around the soaring mullions strayed;
The transomed windows—chancel gloom,
To meditate on costly tomb.

Vain pomp! and serves alone to shew,
"Can pride and power fall so low?"
E'en this the truth on sculpture traced,
Amid the long dark verdure placed,
Almost by mildew damp effaced. §
When round the gallant Edward's throne
In arms the British Princes shone,
Humphrey of Stafford, lordly peer,
Was proud thy titled name to bear—
Name famous too for tragic fire
When classic themes the bard inspire.
Here Norton framed each magic scene,
And roused the soul by glory's theme,
On the proud offspring of whose Muse
Garth this enconium bestows:

"And Britain, since 'Pausanias' was writ,
"Knows Spartan virtue and Athenian wit."

While *Southern*, cherishing the infant dear,
The father filled with anxious hope and fear,
How throbbed each fluttering pulse! what deadly hue
Oft blanched his face, as on the vesper drew!
What solemn awe his trembling frame o'ercast,
As rolled in lofty strain the trumpet blast!
In wild hysteric fright his senses fade,
As rose the curtain on the attic parade,
And while in solemn pomp the tale proceeds,
While woe alarms us, and while pity bleeds,

§ The *Priory of Black Canons* was originally established at Portchester by Henry I. and afterwards removed to Southwick. Its privileges were extensive. The Canons procured, in 1285, the grant of a Fair and Market; they also enjoyed free warren in 1321. At the dissolution the annual revenue was £314 7 10. The site and demesnes were then granted to J. White, Esq. and from him descended, through the Nortons, to the present proprietor, Thomas Thistlethwayte, Esq. The Chapel of the Priory is highly interesting; adorned with fourteen beautiful gothic windows on each side; the stone pulpit is singular, and the cells of the Canons still exist. The tomb of J. White is most profusely ornamented.

Extatic raptures agitate his soul,
As from unnumbered tongues applauses roll,
While thronging friends salute with general praise,
And crown the author with dramatic bays ;
Who oft himself would tread the admired stage,
Command each feeling with a mimic rage,
Catch the poetic thought, a nation's ire,
And well supported was the *Spanish Friar*.

The Will of Richard Norton.

I, NORTON THE GREAT,* soon the victim of Fate,
On my death-bed declare—King George the sole heir
To my Paintings so rare—and many there are ;
To my plate, a large hoard, in iron chest stored ;
To my land-holdings all, which are not very small,
Some six thousand yearly—I love it right dearly ;
Till the world have an end, the poor shall befriend.
Let the Parliament free my Executors be ;
But if they refuse—which they may, if they choose—
The Prelates I. marry, into action will carry.
This, the last Will and Deed, by me, NORTON, decreed,
In the reign of Redemption, Seventeen Thirty-two
From December exemption of short days a few.

[The Will, of which the above is the substance, was set aside, on the plea of Insanity.]

Here our SIXTH HENRY royal MARGARET led
To grace his royal throne and nuptial bed ;
Who her true character made England feel,
" Lion of Naples, girt in English steel !"
Here CHARLES resided, when his tardy fleet
Prepared the force of haughty France to meet ;
And here the dreadful tidings were received,
How ruffian hand caused mighty Villiers bleed.
So wrapt in holy thought the Monarch prayed,
No outward sign of horror was pourtrayed ;

* The family of the *Nortons* was of great note in the country. They frequently represented this County in Parliament, and were Sheriffs as early as the reign of Edward I.

With reverence bowed him at the altar low,
And calm submitted to the chastening blow:
But when the service ended, sought relief
In silent sorrow—sacred floods of grief;
With poignant woe bewailed his favorite lost,
And fled in horror from the blood-stained coast.
The Ancient Priory of late
Hath bowed it to relentless fate,
And, *Thistlethwayte!* thy mansion new
Majestic meets the minstrel's view.
The verdant park, the spreading lake,
The sombre wood, the shady brake,
His warmest admiration raise,
And claim the tribute of his praise.

A column tower on th' adjacent height,
With varied sculpture graced, of purest white,
Sacred to him who, on the tribute main,
Taught every foe to own Britannia's reign;‡
Chained Valor ever to his gilded prow,
And rushed like eagle on the awe-struck foe;
At Aboukir, and on old Nilus' stream,
Caused the red meteors of destruction gleam,
When Bronté owned him for her princely lord,
And e'en the sons of Mahomet adored;
Who mocked the deep-toned thunder of the war,
When thy dark surges trembled, Trafalgar!
Whose actions bowing Gallia long bemoaned,
And at whose fall th' affrighted ocean groaned,
While Victory, hovering round, with outstretched arm,
Crowned him with laurel mid the war's alarm,

‡ The Monument to Admiral Lord Nelson, placed in a fine situation, at the West end of Portsdown, commanding a most extensive and beautiful view, and serving as a mark to ships entering by St. Helen's, or the Needles, was erected by a subscription of two days pay by the fleet, after the Battle of Trafalgar.

And Fame's loud trumpet, thundering through the sky
Proclaimed her NELSON's worth should never die.

PORTCHESTER.

Of lofty tower, dungeon deep,
Of moat, of barbican, and keep;
Of massy portal, ponderous bar,
Hath oft rolled back the tide of war,
Of lengthened corridor, vast hall,
Platform, and lofty rampart wall,
From which fair maid (for aught I know)
Held parley with her knight below,
While the bright moon, in midnight sky,
Shed a rich veil, of yellow dye—
And far within, in kingly state,
The stern and haughty Baron sate.
Such feats in ages long since past have been,
Alas! how altered is the present scene!
Now a more solemn theme find place:
Its ancient history we trace.
'Tis written—by the Ancient Britons famed
The infant city was *Caer Peris* named,
After the Prince whose pride ordained its birth
(What time proud Rome oppress'd the teeming earth)
Who, strongly here intrenched, defied the ire
His crimes excited in his aged sire,
When to his southern throne he dared aspire,
And, hurried on by mad ambition's tide,
Joined to his other titles *Fratricide*:
For when from Belgian shores a warlike band,
Led on by gallant Ferrex, leaped to land,
Inflamed by loyal zeal impetuous rush
To aid their monarch, and rebellion crush,
Unfurl their glittering banners to the sun,
And shout aloud "Great Sisil! and Lead on,"

Amid the thronging group, a ruffian blow
Dismissed a Brother to the shades below.
We learn from the "Antiquities" of *Grose*,
From Beline's son the ancient city rose,
His name Gurgunthus—since the hero's day,
Above two thousand years have rolled away.
Its fame, its ancient grandeur are forgot—
A scattered village now adorns the spot,
And few the traces of its olden pride,
Save the strong fortress on the southern side—
Around whose ponderous walls, in rude array,
The once high parapets dismantled lay;
The Keep, the Inner Gate, alone are found,
Where the portcullis fell with thundering sound,
Of the once eighteen towers stretched around.
The village Church, with ivy overgrown,
Romantic stands 'mid heaps of ruined stone,
Whose narrow Saxon windows high
Bespeak its high antiquity;
While in the chancel wall finds room
The tablet to the knightly groom.‡

'Twas here the Emperor Vespasian came,
To spread the glory of the Roman name,
When Victory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
Perched on his banner on the margent flood.
A Forest anciently stood near,
Destined the city's name to bear;
Where many an ardent cavalier
Roused the wild stag with fleetest hound,
And sweetly on attentive ear
Poured the slow horn its mellow sound.

‡ Sir Thomas Cornwallis, Knt. Groom Porter to Queen Elizabeth and James the First, who died in 1618. The Harleian Miscellany, No. 433, contains many curious particulars relating to this Building.

To Margaret, pride of our First Edward's heart,
The whole was given—her dower's major part—
Then valued, as by records may be seen,
Yearly at sterling pounds about eighteen.
'Twas here our great Elizabeth was pleased
To pass her time, from regal matters eased,†

Portsdown.

The minstrel's way continues still
To gain the foot of Portsdown Hill.
How high its soaring summits rise,
Cleaving the blue azure skies!
And now he mounts the highest brow,
And scans the landscape fair below.
At once his wondering eye surveys
Ocean and islands, towns and bays—
The spire of 'Chester, beaming white
In Phœbus's ray, attracts his sight;
The hills of *Sussex*, and the coast,
'Till in the fair horizon lost—
The spreading main—Britannia's pride,
Where her strong bulwarks safely ride—
The Island Wight, in distance seen—
The Solent strait—the town between—
The villages beneath his feet,
The church of *Farlington* so neat;
The reservoir, an ample store,
From whence such crystal torrents pour;‡

† It was afterwards repaired in the reign of Queen Anne.

‡ The Farlington Water Works—the water is collected from springs near the shore, and raised by steam pumps to a large reservoir dug in the side of Portsdown, and thence conveyed to Portsmouth in iron pipes, a distance of seven miles.

The shades of *Cosham*, and *Paulsgrove*,
And *Wymering*, which well I love ;
The Norman pile its summit rears—
The wide extending land appears,
The waves of *Hampton* and the Wood
Stained with the ardent RUFUS' blood ;
The Needle mountains, dimly seen,
Rising from the ocean green ;
Or farther West the aching eye
The shores of *Dorset* may espy ;
Or inland turn our ardent gaze,
To where the flocks unnumbered graze ;
To where the bones of warriors brave
Lie, friend and foe, in one deep grave,
While o'er the spot the giddy throng
Oft sweep the noisy Fair along,
Nor till of late, perchance, might know
Of mortal remnants deep below.
See the row of darksome pines,
Round whose stem no shrub entwines,
Presenting thus a grateful shade,
Where oft my boyish footsteps strayed,
To view the Well,§ whose awful space
Pierces to the mountain base :
Down the flaming brand descends—
Echo in thunder loud ascends,
'Till still it sinks, the hollow sound—
How awful, dreadful the profound !—
It strikes—the waters gleam—again
Darkness immense assumes her reign.
See the spreading rich domain
Of fruitful Ceres' golden reign—

§ At the back of the George Inn, at the top of Portsdown, is a well 300 feet in depth.

Hamlets, where the busy swain,
Free from sordid care of gain,
Heaven's blessing for his lot,
Bids contentment cheer his cot;
Verdant meadows, sombre woods,
Parks luxuriant, silver floods,
'Till the distant mountains bound
The matchless panoramic round.
In the valley low are seen,
Rising from the woody glen,
Widley! thy embowered shades,
Lengthened groves, and sweeping glades;
Running-Walk, a dubious path,
Oft the source of boisterous laugh,
When the village damsel gay,
Glowing in her best array,
Boldly dares the slippery way;
Thy Mansion—Church, 'neath solemn yew,
Sudden rising to the view,
While, amid the woodlands far,
Princely seats their summits rear;—
Purbrook, to whose balmy air,
Hasten fell disease and care—
Where towering pines and larches rear
And sturdy oak, to England dear,
And stately beach exalts its head
O'er lawn and flowery garden bed;
Where the flaming peacock gay
Spreads his splendour to the day;
And, amid the sedgy reeds,
The stately swan her offspring leads:
On the rising fertile lands
Magnificent the Mansion stands.

In the tangled coppice sweet,
Morcland! thy sequestered seat—
Balmy odours fill the breeze,
Honey-suckles twine the trees;
While, at eve, in meadow green,
The timorous hare is ofttimes seen,
And the nimble rabbits bound
Headlong to the caverned ground;
The stately pheasant flies dismayed,
As stranger footsteps dare invade
The close preserve's embowering shade.

THE FOREST OF BERE.

Thy spreading Forest, *Bere!* thy green retreat,
At once the Squire's and the Gypsey's seat,
Invite my lay. Be present, nut-brown Maids,
With donkey, fire, and tent, mid lengthened shades!
Thy friendly aid, O guardian sprite, pray bring,
Who first induced me Portsmouth themes to sing.
The gloomy Forest, vanished now ere long,
May live in poesy, and look green in song,
Like Eden glorious, and alike in fame,
Would some one sing thee with a generous flame.
Yet even I will raise the unhonored lay,
Thy vista colonades, thy lawns display;
Now cultured plains and golden harvests shine,
Where wont the oak and elm their boughs entwine,
While the sad Dryads mourn each fading grove,
Each scene of holy piety or love.
But grieve not, Spirits of the Hallowed Shades!
Your nurtured care, your once majestic glades,
By Nereids guarded, range the ocean o'er,
And spread your Britain's fame from shore to shore.

Such were the thoughts which, at each well known spot,
Remembrance painted to the minstrel's mind—
Extatic pleasure rose—he loved to find
The grouping pines, the solemn yew tree, still
Their shadows casting o'er the bubbling rill
Meandering round the lovely *Woodbine Cot.*

Horndean and *Finchdean*, your sequester'd ways
And grove of elms, crowning the lofty sweep,
And the proud mansion in the valley deep,
Where echo, in redoubling chorus, swells
The adventurous voice—with rapture dwells
The minstrel's steps, your matchless scenes to praise.

Next *Rowland's Castle*,* loveliest village dear,
Romantic seated in umbrageous wood,
Where oft the village sire proclaims how stood
In olden time the castle's gloomy tower,
Scene of dark magic—of gigantic power!
While shake his pallid auditors with fear,
Ofttimes across the plain in rustic pride,
Blithe lads and lasses seek the busy fair,
Display their best array with nicest care;
While from some crowded booth the boisterous song
Of some athletic ploughman cheers the throng,
And care and harpy thought are laid aside;
While near, in attic elegance, are seen,
Stanstead! thy proud saloons and marble halls,
The sculptured portico, emblazoned walls,
The walks delightful, where rich shrubs expand,
The exotic beauties of far eastern land,
And the stag wantons in thy alleys green.

Next *Emsworth*, thriving village, greets the bard,
Where river, mingling with the ocean tide,
The plains of Sussex and dear Hants divide.

* Near *Rowland's Castle* is *Stanstead*, the seat of the Rev. Lewis Way, where the owner has lately erected a fine Chapel, on the foundation of one destroyed in the time of Cromwell. Farther to the north is the seat of the Rev. Jervoise Clarke Jervoise, most romantically situated in a deep valley, amid avenues of beech trees, which afford a fine echo

Here neatness reigns, and ample wealth repays
Th 'industrious labour of the merchant's days,
When commerce brings him home with just reward,†
And here the ample beds attention claim,
Not of sweet roses, but what might assuage
The Epicurean taste e'en of the age
When Rome, unshackled of the rigid law,
Her dainty Nobles luxuries would draw
From distant Britain, of *Oysterian* fame.
When Boreas, rudest God! with icy breath
Had girt in gelid bonds the farthest north,
A swan, the loveliest of its kind came forth
Towards milder climes; upon whose downy breast
In purest gold shone Denmark's royal crest;
And here in luckless hour met its death.
Next, *Warblington!* thy turrets meet his sight,
Raised, as our legendary tales declare,
When Kings in fairest Albion many were;
And by the haughty CROMWELL were struck down
When he held all things kingly save the crown,
And shook its gothic pride in bloody fight.‖
But in the history of our native land
High rank the honors of thy princely fame!
Hence Lords most noble drew their titled name,

† *Emsworth* is an elegant and populous village, washed by an arm of the sea, famous for its beds of fine oysters. Here is a neat modern built Chapel of Ease. The commodious Bathing-House and machines attract many visitors.

‖ *Warblington* was anciently the seat of the *De Warblingtons*, a family of distinction in this part of the country for several centuries.—The gate-way and tower of the ancient building now alone remain, and present a picturesque memorial of its ancient grandeur. In the Church are several stone coffins, two of which being ornamented in a peculiar manner, are supposed to be those of the two maiden sisters who founded the church; they were opened, and found to contain female skeletons, with the teeth sound and hair undecayed—each coffin was formed of a single stone, with receptacles for the limbs and head. The chancel pavement is curious. Near it is the seat of W. Padwick, Esq.

And at the splendid court of Edward dight,
Oft trace we Warblington's illustrious Knight,
In offices of state and high command.
Here 'twas, in most magnificent abode,
Held, in Eliza's glorious reign elate,
The Earls of Salisbury their pomp and state,
And the Queen's God-son, who, in sportive jest,
Exclaimed, "*Methinks I've Cottoned well the west,*"
When on his head she placed the mitre proud.
The moss-clad tower romantic now alone
Of ancient splendour the surviving trace;
Entangled copses occupy the space,
And the wild pigeon rears her infant brood
Where, in Eighth Henry's reign, baronial stood
The stately hall, or costly banquet shone.
Some furlongs distant, raised by sister twins,
As legends would dictate, the varying pile
Of parish Church; along whose northern aisle
Low Gothic pillars, sculptured buttments rear;
While on the south rich ornaments appear,
And Saracenic arch with arch entwines.
From the emblazoned window streaming round,
The high-wrought shrine and holy altar dear,
Judge we the private oratory here
Of Founder Lord, whose costly tomb once graced
With marble statue, now by time defaced
Or rude frivolity, 'neath splendid arch is found.
In awful gust the wintery tempest roared,
Scarce through dim clouds shone Phœbus' pallid ray,
When first I visited thy barren way,
Hayland! for salt and orchards long since famed,
Where, with what *goût* is scarcely to be named,
I viewed the surloin smoking crown the board;

And having sated appetite most keen,
Onward inclined our walk, the Church to view,
Its curious structure, and the solemn yew
Casting its shade o'er porch and awful grave
Of the Knight Templar, God's defender brave,
With proud insignia of his order seen.†

Here having tarried contemplative long,
Sought he the spot, where, in monastic age,
The Priory rose, which Dugdale's learned page
To later times transmits. Then passing o'er
The slippery ford—Hail, *Havant !* hail, once more,§
Great *Alma Mater* of thy offspring's song !

Through *Bedhampton* the circling pathway tends, ‡
By the rich villa, 'neath the mountain's brow,
Whence, *Farlington !* thy lucid torrents pour.
Bursts on our view, *Langston !* thy haven vast ;
Drayton ! thy mansion neat. The villa past,
At *Cosham's* verdant sweep the journey ends.

† *Hayland*, or *Hayling Island*, consists mostly of arable land, but has been noted from time immemorial for salt. One saltern is recorded in Doomsday Book as paying 6s. 8d. Fisheries are also mentioned to have existed. The Manor was first given to Winchester College, but afterwards granted to a Priory ; on this being alienated, the Island was given to the Carthusian Priory at Sheen. It was last given to the College of Arundel, and after wards to the Duke of Norfolk.

§ *Havant* is an old and respectable town. The Market was granted by King John, at the request of the Monks of Winchester, to whom the Manor was granted by Ethelred. The Church is dedicated to St. Faith, and is in form of a cross, with a tower rising from the intersection. The architecture is Saxon. In the south transept are remains of stone seats. Not far distant is *Leigh*, the seat of Wm. Garrett, Esq. at present the residence of Sir George Staunton, Bart.

‡ *Bedhampton* is a neat village ; under the brow of the hill is *Belmont* the elegant seat of Lady Provost. Above, on the hill, is a cuaious modern antique called *The Folly*. *The Farlington Water Works* next present themselves ; then *Drayton* the neat residence of Moses Greetham, Esq. with a fine Garden ; and at *Cosham* the seat of Wm. Padwick, Esq.

Appendix.

THE POST-OFFICES.

That of Portsmouth has been particularly noticed in the Notes to the Town of Portsmouth (page 59).

At Gosport the Office is in High-Street—the bags are closed at five o'Clock in the evening. Delivery in the morning at ten.

THE BANKS.

The Portsmouth, Portsea, and Hampshire Bank, of Messrs. GRANTS, HICKLEY, & Co. recently removed to the premises they purchased of the Assignees of Godwin, Minchin, & Co. in High-Street, corner of the Grand Parade. They have also a Branch Bank in Hanover-Street, Portsea. Their Agents in London are Messrs. Ladbroke & Co.—This is the only establishment within twelve miles from which local notes are issued.

Messrs. BURBEY & LOE, Penny-Street—Agents in London, Messrs. Fry and Chapman.

PUBLIC STAGES.

London Mail, every Evening at ½ past seven, from the George Inn, High-Street, to the Angel Inn, St. Clement's.

Bath and Bristol Mail, every Evening at five, from the same Inn.

Chichester and Brighton Mail, every Morning at eight, from the Blue Posts Inn, on the Point, and Fountain, High Street.

Morning Coaches to London.

The Hero, at eight, from the Blue Posts, on the Point, and Fountain, High-Street, to the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-Street, and Golden Cross, Charing-Cross.

The Regulator, at ½ past eight, from the George Hotel, High-Street, through Putney, to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, and Sussex Hotel, Fleet-Street.

The Rocket, at nine, from the Office, No. 54, High-Street, to the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate-Hill.

Evening Coaches to London.

The Wellington, at seven, from the George Hotel, High-Street, to the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-Street.

The Nelson, at seven, from the Blue Posts, on the Point, to the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-Street.

Exeter and Plymouth Coach, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at nine in the Morning, from the George Hotel, High-Street, and returns the alternate Evenings.

The Union Chichester Coach, at four in the afternoon, from the Quebec Tavern, on the Point; George Hotel, High-Street; and Globe Tavern, Oyster-Street, Portsmouth.

Waggons to London.

Clark & Stanbury's, from the Blue Posts Inn, on the Point, to the Ship Inn, Borough.

Pescott's Waggons, from 46, Broad-Street, Point; and 112, Queen-Street, Portsea; to the Bell Inn, Wood-Street, Cheapside, and Ship Inn, Borough.

Edmund Sayers's, from the Globe Inn, Oyster-Street, to the Saracen's Head, Friday-Street.

Salisbury, Bath and Bristol, and Chichester Waggons, from the Globe Inn, Oyster-Street, every week.

Public Stages from Gosport.

A Coach to London, every Morning at 8 o'clock, from the India Arms.

A Coach to Southampton, Tuesday, and Saturday, at four in the Afternoon.

A Coach to Winchester, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at eleven in the Morning, from the Star Inn.

PACKETS.

To HAVRE, from the Quebec Tavern, on the Point, twice a week.

To GUERNSEY, &c. from the King's Head, Broad-Street, every Wednesday.

To PLYMOUTH, three times a week, from the Neptune and Mars, Broad-Street.

To POOLE, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from the Roebuck, Broad-Street.

To LYMINGTON, three times a week, from the Thatched House, Broad-Street.

To SOUTHAMPTON, from the White Hart, Broad-Street, three times a week,

To COWES, from the King's Head, Broad-Street, every day, as the tide may suit.

To RYDE, every morning, at seven and nine o'clock; at three in the afternoon; and at six and seven in the evening, from the Quebec Tavern, Bath-Square, and Cornish Arms, Broad-Street.

A Boat at nine in the morning and three in the afternoon, to WOOTTEN-BRIDGE.

Boats to PORTCHESTER and FAREHAM twice a day, from the Hard, Portsea.

FINIS.

Hollingsworth & Price, Printers, White-Horse-Street, Portsmouth.

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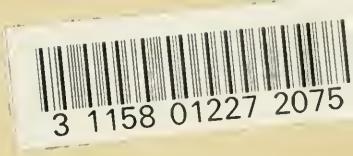

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